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LESSON BOOK
FOR THE
RELIGION CLASSES

in the Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints

SIXTH GRADE

Heroes and Heroines of Service
and Right

Written for the General Board
of Education

By

MELVIN C. and AMY LYMAN MERRILL

Published by the
DESERET BOOK COMPANY

1925

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For the
General Church Board
Of Education

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

INTRODUCTION

Heroism expresses itself in many ways. It is not confined to any period of time or to any group or class. Accounts of heroism in others are stimulating to both old and young. What has been achieved by one may be attempted by another. Noble acts of service are especially worthy of emulation.

In this booklet are recorded brief biographical accounts of men and women who have brought distinction to themselves as a result of their efforts. These men and women have lived at different times and in various parts of the world, and they have been engaged in work or problems differing widely in nature. Some have promoted our welfare in material things; some have advanced the light of knowledge into the shadowy regions of the unknown; some have overcome difficulties and handicaps of enormous proportions; some have crusaded for righteousness, for peace, for comfort, for contentment, for happiness; some have devoted themselves to patriotic purposes; some have engaged their talents in miscellaneous pursuits.

No matter what the field of endeavor has been, however, there are in general two noteworthy elements to be discerned in the lives and struggles and accomplishments of these as well as other great and noble men and women. The first element is the achievement in personal development and conquest of self, and the second is the utilization of that achievement in the service for others. The general result of these efforts of heroes and heroines of service and right has been to make the world a better, more comfortable, and more interesting place in which the children of men can go forward and fulfil their destiny and aid in the accomplishment of the purposes of the Father in regard to His Children.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

As Latter-day Saints we may well be proud of our Church and its doctrines, the Gospel of Jesus Christ restored to earth in its fulness and beauty for the benefit of mankind. No doubt, one reason for this pride is the generous scope of the Gospel plan. There is nothing narrow or selfish about Mormonism. The Gospel embraces all truth, whether it be in the realms of science or poetry, philosophy or industry, history or athletics, theory or practice, time or eternity, here or yonder.

Even as the Gospel embraces all truth, so the scope of membership of its adherents may embrace all mankind—past and future as well as present generations. Surely this is truly a comprehensive system and one having possibilities for developing breadth of view and generosity of attitude.

In the account of the interesting lives and accomplishments of the notable characters, briefly given in the following pages, there may be found in each the germ of inspiration to others. This germ may be revealed in various aspects, depending on the viewpoint and experiences of the teacher and the class. From each story there should be derived some positive good that may be translated into action in some degree or form. Although the work of all of these heroes or heroines of service and right may not be directly related to religious work in its narrower sense, yet in the broader sense here indicated it may be so considered because of the splendid service these men and women have rendered to their fellows. Who shall say the great accomplishments of their lives were not in accordance with the Father's will?

Great and noble as are those lives and remarkable as are the results obtained when considered by themselves, however, the immediate problem of the Religion Class teacher will be to use these examples to stimulate the class to lofty thought and aims and to heroic action along the avenues of right conduct. In other words, use these illustrations as a means to the end desired in the

Religion Class work— the making of better Latter-day Saints of the boys and girls in your charge. Encourage the pupils to relate deeds of heroism or praiseworthy acts of love, service, and sacrificing devotion by their parents or relatives or friends, or some one about whom they have read. If such accounts can be told about those near their own age, so much the better.

A poem has been selected for each lesson. To memorize a part or all of one of these each week will be a very beneficial part of the lesson.

May each lesson prove helpful and stimulating, and may heroes and heroines of service and right emerge in large numbers from the Religion Classes of the Church.

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LESSON 1

WILFORD GRENFELL 1865

If you received a lovely tiger skin from your uncle in far-away India would you not dream of the adventure he had had in capturing the animal and of the time when you would possibly go through much the same type of adventure yourself? That is exactly what happened to young Wilford Grenfell when he was a boy. He learned the history of his gallant ancestors, he dreamed of upholding the traditions of bravery of the family, and of doing things that would add other honors to the family name. He not only dreamed but worked to fulfil those dreams.

In his school days at Oxford University, England, he did his share to bring credit to his school in rugby football, the game from which the American developed our game of football. Because it was considered advisable for him to have a profession he decided to study medicine. He learned a wonderful truth quite early in life, and that was, that knowledge is of greatest value when it enables one to do things.

Out of curiosity he at one time went into the slums of London where he found a great religious revival taking place. All at once it came to him that his religion was merely doing as he had been taught, believing as his family believed, going to church on Sunday, and that he was not really thinking for himself. So he began to think seriously about such matters and he came to the conclusion that religion is a real and practical thing and might be likened to the rudder which keeps the ship going in the right direction. The greatest service, after all, he learned, is the service one renders to the King of kings.

He went to the slums to work with the boys, those who were known as the "toughs of the town." He knew

that what they needed was to be directed aright. He fitted up one of the rooms of his home as a gymnasium for them. He took groups of them to the country in summer, and started the work that is much like the Boy Scout work but that is called in England "The Lads' Brigade" and "The Lads' Camp."

When his course in medicine was finished and he became Dr. Grenfell he looked about for a place to practice his profession. He had no desire to go to the city where there was little opportunity for adventure and service, and where there were already so many physicians. When he said he should like to go into a new field to practice medicine, a great surgeon, who was also a master mariner, suggested that he fit up a hospital ship and go into the region of the North Sea and work among the fishermen there. When Dr. Grenfell learned of the lives of these people of the north, with practically no medical care at all, he made up his mind to cast his lot with them. And so it came about that this splendid young man of noble family and great promise went to the isolated land of Labrador to live.

That country was bleak and cold and barren and the waters were very hard to navigate. But he bravely faced the cold winds and the storms and willingly went wherever he could help those in need. Many times he was given up as lost by his friends and the people who at first thought him a "big hearted mad man." Those people had endured hardships all their lives and were rugged and hardy and a stern-charactered people. He went to the widely scattered white people, some seven or eight thousand of them, to the Indians, and to the Eskimos. If it had not been for him these people would have had no trained help to relieve their suffering in illness and no help in case of accidents.

The most thrilling adventure this eminent physician ever had was on Easter Sunday in 1908. He had heard of a very ill boy who was some 60 miles away. If the lad had no help he would surely die. So with his eight faithful dogs—Brin, the leader, Doc, Spy, Jack, Sue, Jerry, Watch, and Moody—Dr. Grenfell started out with

supplies, medicines, extra clothing, and nearly everything he knew he would need. He crossed ice and snow, over sea and land. He had to drive over ice bridges several times. Just as he and the dogs had reached a large block of ice after crossing one of these ice bridges, the bridge broke. The sled went down with the supplies, extra clothing and all. In order to save the dogs the doctor had to cut the harness. So there he was, with his dogs but with practically nothing else. There was almost no possible way for him to be rescued! When night came on and the cold was so intense he could hardly endure it, he killed three of his dogs that he might have their fur coats to help keep him warm. He huddled close to the remaining five dogs and slept as best he could.

The next morning he took off his shirt that was stained red with the blood of his dogs and with that and their bones he made a distress signal. This he waved and waved until he was so tired he had to sit down to rest. Old Doc would come to him and lick his hands and face and then go to the edge of the ice block and bark as much as to say, "Come on, it's time for us to be off! Let us not waste more time." But there was nothing else to do, for he was on this block of ice with water all around it. At last a boat came for him. Some of his friends thought possibly some trouble might have happened and they started in search of him. He had struggled heroically, and endured untold suffering. The men lifted him into the boat, but no sooner was he thus safe than he began to fret and worry about the sick lad whom he had failed to visit. But they took him back to his big hospital ship for treatment, for his hands and feet were frozen. It was always a great comfort to him to know that the family of the sick boy were able to bring the lad over the 60 miles of snow and ice to the hospital and that he received the necessary treatment and recovered.

But the poor dead dogs! Dr. Grenfell did not forget them. In his hall he had a bronze tablet hung to do honor to their names. It reads:

To the Memory of
Three Noble Dogs
Moody
Watch
Spy
Whose Lives Were Given
for Mine on the Ice
April 2, 1908.
Wilford Grenfell

Dr. Grenfell's brother in England has a similar tablet hanging in his home to do honor to these noble dogs and the following words are added: "Not one of them is forgotten before you, Father which is in Heaven."

Through his efforts other doctors, nurses, and school teachers became interested in these people, and they joined him in his wonderful work among these fishermen and their families. Schools, hospitals, and orphan asylums were established. Not only were these opportunities provided for the people but Dr. Grenfell also established a series of co-operative stores operated for the benefit of the fishermen. Until this time many adventurers had gone into these towns and operated stores and charged so much for their goods that the fishermen were always in debt to them. But all this was changed when this wonderful doctor took hold of these things.

Many industries were started that provided the people with work the whole year through. Dr. Grenfell received a grant for some timber land that was used to open up a saw mill; lumber was available to make various things. A schooner building yard was opened and a mill was started for making kegs and barrels, in which fish was put up for export.

Dr. Grenfell had the people come closer together to live in towns rather than be scattered about as they had been. This gave them more opportunities for the social life that all people need. In one place where they had had two jails these were changed into club rooms and libraries, for there was no longer need for jails when the people had plenty of work to do.

For recreation he introduced rubber foot ball. That was most heartily received. It could be played on the snow and was accepted by all—men and women, both young and old. The hardest part of all was to keep a supply, for there was a great demand.

THREE Relig. Outlines 6th Grade

CQH

In all his work with these people he has been a real friend. His adventures have been thrilling and exciting. His aid to the fishermen has been entirely for their benefit. He has gained nothing for himself except the love and everlasting devotion of those he has helped. Dr. Grenfell feels that one may have a jolly good time in far-away Labrador and do a real man's job while having it. And through his work he has discovered that life may be a splendid adventure if one wishes to make it so.

Review

When is knowledge of greatest value?

What is meant by practical religion?

What examples of practical religion do we find in the life of Dr. Grenfell?

How can we help people who are in poor circumstances and others who are sick and afflicted? (A Religion Class in Salt Lake City visits the County Infirmary occasionally and entertains the inmates. Members of another class take flowers to sick people. Prayers in behalf of sick folk may be offered up in Religion Classes.)

Closing song: "Have I done any good in the world today?"

Sowing

Sow with a generous hand:

Pause not for toil or pain,

Weary not through the heat of summer,

Weary not through the cold spring rain;

But wait till the autumn comes

For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not:

A table will be spread;

What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread?
Sow while the earth is broken;
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow, while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it,
They will stir in their quiet sleep;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow; for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall today:
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if it shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow: and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You should reap in joy the harvest
You have sown today in tears.

A. A. Proctor.

LESSON 2

FRANCES WILLARD

1840—1898

Under the magnificent dome of the Capitol building at Washington (the building where Congress holds its sessions) there is a large circular hall. In that hall are many statues of great and noble Americans. Each State is entitled to two such statues. Many States are now represented. But among all that group of statues there is only one woman. Whom do you think that is, and why was she chosen?

Her name is Frances Willard and she is one of our greatest American women. The story of her life shows remarkable traits of character. Her early life and experiences resemble in some ways those of many of our notable Mormon women who have undergone the hardships of pioneer life.

When she was a small child her father attended college in Ohio. But on account of poor health he had to give up school work and spend more time out-of-doors. He took his family and went West, through Ohio, Indiana, northern Illinois, and on into Wisconsin. They passed through Chicago when it was a small village of only a few shacks.

The family settled in a wooded part of Wisconsin and began to make a farm home. The father built a plain little cabin, but it was beautifully located among the trees and was covered with vines. This they called Forest Home. They were a long distance from their neighbors or any town, and Mr. Willard had a hard struggle to provide food, shelter, and clothing for the family of five.

Frances was nick-named Frank. She was too young to realize fully all the difficulties and hardships through which the family passed. Indeed, in spite of few playmates, because of being so far from other people, Frank had a jolly time roaming about the woods and fields and

meadows and along the streams. She had a very lively imagination and so she would play make-believe games of all sorts. She made a little resting place in an oak tree and called it an eagle's nest. She played she had hard fights with Indians. Because she had no pony she saddled a cow and had a very exciting ride. Then her father got her a pony which she rode with great delight.

Although Frances enjoyed her out-door life, she was also very fond of study. She eagerly read books at every opportunity and at an early age began to write books herself. One Sunday she was so interested studying about the stars, from a book on astronomy, that she cried when she had to leave those starry realms and come back to earth and fry onions. With great interest and longing she would look through the books her older brother brought home from the academy and later from college. So eager was she for knowledge that she would exclaim, "I want to know everything, everything." And it was because of her yearning for knowledge and her desire to improve her mind at every opportunity that she would often say, "My mind a kingdom is." To bring riches and eternal treasures into that kingdom for the general good of mankind was an abiding aim of her life.

Schools in her neighborhood were few and far apart in those days, and hence it was difficult for Frank to go to school. By good fortune a graduate of Yale University came into the neighborhood and opened a school. On that first morning she was up before daylight and got all ready for school long before it was time to start. Eagerly she waited with coat, hood, and muffler on and dinner pail ready while the ox team that was to take her was being hitched to the wagon. It was on that joyful day that her noted school life began.

After getting all the schooling she could in her neighborhood she studied at the Northwest Female College at Evanston, Illinois, where she later graduated. During her college days Miss Willard was a leader in her classes as well as in the social life of the students. She loved her friends and associates and was greatly loved by them. She was naturally interested in the people and their welfare.

Then came days of sorrow. Her sister Mary died and soon after this her father also passed away. The beloved home in the forest was sold and the family became separated. During these years of her life Miss Frances wrote books and traveled and studied in Europe, working hard in order to forget her troubles. Out of all this sorrow and difficulty there developed the social worker and the organizer which the world came to know so well.

She returned to Evanston, her college town, to live. It was then that she was called to be president of the college from which she had graduated some years before. And when that college was made part of Northwestern University she remained as dean of women.

It was about this time that the great temperance crusade was being organized in that section against the liquor traffic. In Chicago, which is near Evanston, the effort was being made to close the saloons on Sunday. Bands of women of all ages were earnestly working for the cause of temperance. But they needed a leader. Miss Willard felt she should like nothing better than to get into this wonderful cause, and lead these women in their noble work.

About this time two letters came to her the same day, each offering her a position. One was an opportunity to be principal of an important school in New York City at a very good salary. The other was to head the very splendid temperance movement in Chicago, but there was no money available for that work and hence no salary could be offered; yet almost without hesitating she accepted the position in Chicago, and did so without either worrying or debating about it. She seemed to feel that this was to be her life's work. Had she taken the New York position she would have had great success in a worldly way. But that was of no consideration when she had the privilege of helping rid the world of a great social evil. It is considered that this decision was the most important step in her life. Had she accepted the position in New York she could probably have been only one among a great many women, but the Chicago work gave her the opportunity to attain a distinction that no other woman in the country has yet achieved—a place in the hall of fame!

Many of her friends were greatly concerned over her choice. Some of them would ask her how she could give up her interest in art and literature, but she would reply: "What greater art is there than to restore the image of God to the faces of those who have lost it?"

It was not long before this brave heroine had an opportunity to show how very much she was converted to this new and worthy cause she had espoused. The people who employed her had been mistaken in thinking she had an independent income and therefore did not need any salary. Because she had no money to pay carefare she often had to walk in her many trips about Chicago. But though she was often exceedingly weary she felt that her soul was free and that made her very happy.

In making visits to the poor she did most excellent work. She felt she understood them and would say to them, "I am your friend, a better friend than you know, for I am hungry, too." The people loved her and she effected some notable changes in the lives of a great many of the people with whom she worked. She also did a great deal to prepare the people of the country to vote as they did when prohibition finally went into effect.

Eventually a way was made to give her a salary so she could have at least the necessities of life. Then her work was easier, but she had known many times how it is to be hungry and have no money for food.

Miss Willard was made president of the National Christian Temperance Union, which position she held for many years. She was a most excellent speaker and able to get the men and women to rally around the cause she represented almost without conscious effort. Her voice was splendid. One writer says of her: "The intensity of life, irrepressible humor, never failing sympathy, and the spirit that hungered after all that was beautiful, shone in her clear eyes, and in the vibrant tones of her wonderful voice, and went straight to the hearts of all who listened."

While she was president of the Temperance Union she traveled all over the United States. Almost every little town, as well as the big towns, had her come to them as a crusader. For twelve years she averaged one meeting a

day, which is indeed a high average for a public speaker. This speaking in almost every city, town, and village in the United States meant a very great deal of traveling. During the hours and hours she spent on the train she did a great deal of reading, studying, and planning her work and her talks.

One guiding idea of her life was that "Everything is not in the temperance movement, but the temperance movement is in everything."

At the age of 58, after a remarkably full life she closed her eyes to this world with the words, "How beautiful to be with God."

Review

When a girl, how did Miss Willard spend much of her time?

How did the reading of good books help her?

What did she desire above everything else?

What do you think of this desire?

What great evil did she undertake to fight and help to destroy?

How can we make a success of our lives?

Singing: First verse of "Do What Is Right."

"My Mind to me a Kingdom Is"

My mind to me a kingdom is,

Such present joys therein I find,

That it excels all other bliss

That earth affords or grows by kind;

Though much I want which most would have,

Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,

Nor force to win the victory,

No wily wit to salve a sore,

No shape to feed a loving eye;

To none of these I yield as thrall:

For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty (surfeits) oft,

And hasty climbers soon do fall;

I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
A cloaked craft their store of skill:
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my chief defense;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offense:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

—Edward Dyer (1550-1607.)

LESSON 3

DAVID 1033—993 B. C.

In the days of ancient Israel when Samuel was old, he appointed his sons to be judges over the people, but these were not God-fearing men; they were unjust and unwise and so were not good judges. The people were disappointed and asked Samuel to appoint a king over them, like the other nations had. The Lord was willing that a king be appointed, so Samuel appointed Saul, the son of Benjamin. Saul was a mighty man, and, as a youth, he had been a very splendid young fellow. However, later in life he turned from the ways of the Lord.

During the time Saul was king, the Philistines came against the people of Israel and hoped to conquer them and make them slaves. For forty days the armies of these two peoples were stationed on hills opposite each other, ready to go to battle. With the Philistines was a mighty giant, Goliath, who would come out each day before Saul's forces and offer to fight any man they would send against him. Goliath was a great warrior, dressed almost from head to foot in an armor of metal. Saul's men were afraid of this great fighter, and they had cause to be.

But one day young David, son of Jesse, who was left at home to care for his father's sheep while his brothers had gone to battle, was sent to the army by his father with provisions for his brothers. David was of course happy to get near the armies. He was eager to look upon the great Goliath who was as usual parading up and down before the forces in the pride of his bigness and strength. The brothers were angry with David for being so curious and told him to return to his flocks and take care of them. But instead, David offered his services to Saul to fight Goliath. Imagine the bravery and confidence of a boy who would offer to

do such a bold and daring thing as that! Saul at first would not listen to such a proposition, which he considered as absurd and foolish. Then David told him that at one time a lion and a bear came to the sheep camp and took a lamb and that he slew both the lion and the bear and liberated the sheep. He also told Saul that the Lord was his guide and his protector.

So Saul was finally prevailed upon to consent to let David go before Goliath to fight. David was dressed in armor, but not being used to it, he took it off and went armed with only his sling and five smooth stones from the bed of the creek. Goliath laughed when he saw David come out to battle with him. He told David that his body would be put up for the birds to feast upon before the sun should set.

David said to Goliath: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel."

As the Philistines came forward to meet David, David ran toward his enemy, taking from his bag a stone as he ran, and threw it with great force by the aid of his sling. The stone sank deep in the forehead of Goliath, who fell upon the earth on his face. At such an unexpected result, consternation filled the ranks of the Philistines and they fled. David had no sword, so he took the sword from Goliath's hand and cut off his head. With the head of the mighty warrior in his hands, and also with his armor, David went to Jerusalem. He was taken before Saul, the king, and because of the most remarkable feat he had accomplished Saul would not let David return to his father, but kept him in his own household.

Saul had a son, Jonathan, who loved David very greatly even the first time they met. The friendship of Jonathan and David was a beautiful friendship. Not long after David was taken into the king's household, the king grew jealous because David had the spirit of the Lord with him and he himself had lost that spirit. He envied David so much he decided to get rid of him, but the only way he could think of to do that was to kill him. So two or three times

Saul tried to pin David to the wall with a javelin, but each time David was quick enough to get out of its way. Finally David knew that the king would really put him to death so he and Jonathan decided on a plan. David was to go in hiding for three days, then Jonathan was to come to the hiding place and let David know if his father really meant to kill him. Jonathan was to find this out by the way the king took David's absence from the table at meal times. By that means it was found out that the king was in earnest and was very much upset to learn that David had gone away. However, Jonathan soothed him somewhat, then went to the hiding place and told David he must flee.

After David had fled from Saul he traveled in the wilderness until some people told the king where David was. Then Saul went after him. He had his tents pitched and at night he and his men lay down to sleep. So David and one of his men decided to go down to where Saul and his men were camped. The man with David wanted to kill Saul and there was a very good opportunity to do so, since Saul and his forces had fallen into a deep sleep. But David would not let Saul be killed. Said he: "Destroy him not: for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless? As the Lord liveth, the Lord will smite him."

David took from Saul a spear and a pot of water and then he and the man with him left. No one of Saul's forces awoke. Although Saul was bent upon taking David's life, David would not kill Saul even when he had such a good opportunity. He knew the Lord would protect him if he kept His commandments.

When Saul awoke he heard David speaking from the hill near by, and as he listened to David's words he knew that he had done wrong. He felt repentant and asked David to come to him and he would do him no harm.

But as time went on Saul went farther and farther from the path of righteousness. Instead of seeking counsel of the Lord he sought the fortune teller, or the witch.

By and by the Philistines again came against the people of Israel in battle. Because of Saul's unworthiness and because of the transgressions of his people, the Lord did

not help them out this time as He did before. The Philistines slaughtered the Israelites by the scores. Three of Saul's sons were killed; Jonathan was one of them. Then Saul drew his sword and killed himself. So the king and his three sons and all of his house fell the same day.

Then all the elders of Israel went to Hebron to anoint David king. This was according to the word of the Lord through Samuel who had said, when David was a mere lad, that David would some day become king.

For seven and a half years David ruled as king over Judah at Hebron, and after the death of the last of Saul's sons David became king over all Israel. He then went to Jerusalem, known as the "City of David." He took with him the "Ark of the Covenant" and built for it a tent that housed this sacred piece until Solomon built his temple. David also built a great palace.

David became a mighty king. He had "according to some chronicles, 288,000 fighting men." He became the master of vast territories. For about 32 years he reigned as king in Jerusalem and was succeeded by Solomon.

Although his life was not entirely free from wrong, David was one of the mightiest kings that ever ruled the people of Israel.

Review

When Saul was king over Israel, who came to make war upon him and his people?

Who did the Philistines have with them that the Israelites were afraid of?

What did the giant say when he saw David coming towards him?

What did David say to the giant?

Why was David not afraid of the giant?

How do you think David acquired his courage?

What evil temptations have boys and girls to fight today?

How can they gain strength to overcome these temptations?

Singing: First and second verses of "Let Us All Press On."

A Prayer

I kneel not now to pray that thou
 Make white one single sin,—
I only kneel to thank thee, Lord,
 For what I have not been;

For deeds which sprouted in my heart
 But ne'er to bloom were brought,
For monstrous vices which I slew
 In the shambles of my thought—

Dark seeds the world has never guessed
 By hell and passion bred,
Which never grew beyond the bud
 That cankered in my head.

Some said I was a righteous man—
 Poor fools! The gallow's tree
(If thou hadst let one foot to slip)
 Had grown a limb for me.

So for the Man I might have been
 My heart must cease to mourn—
'Twere best to praise the living Lord
 For monsters never born,

To bend the spiritual knee
 (Knowing myself within)
And thank the kind, benignant God
 For what I have not been.

—Harry Kemp (1883)

LESSON 4

MADAM CURIE

1867

There was a notable meeting in Paris. The President of France, his ministers and diplomats, statesmen from many countries, and some of the great and learned scientists of the day were there. It was a mighty throng of great and distinguished people. They seemed to be expecting some one. Suddenly there was a loud applause. The audience had risen to its feet. All eyes were turned in the direction of the entrance, and there, dressed in black, was a little woman of pale face and slender figure in whose honor the meeting was held. She stepped upon the platform, raised her hand for silence, and began to speak.

That little woman was Madam Curie of France, and it was a proud and happy moment in her life. But what had she done to entitle her to all this honor and distinction? Listen to the story of her life and you will know.

And such a wonderful story it is!

If, when your father and mother were young like you are they had been asked what metal is a hundred times more precious than gold, they would probably have said, "There is none; gold is the most precious of all metals." If you should be asked that question today, what would you say? Your reply would be different from that your parents gave when they were young, and it is because the world has knowledge now it did not have then. And it is because of the work of Madam Curie that we know about that wonderful substance which is one hundred times more precious than gold. That substance is radium, and she discovered it.

Madam Curie's maiden name was Marie Sklodowska, a long and hard name, to be sure. But she was to tackle long, hard problems and so it suited her very well. Her life was to be one of hardship and difficulty and struggle and yet she lived and worked with courage and determination. Her mother died when she was very young. Marie's father was

a professor of chemistry in far-away Poland. For a playroom, she used her father's laboratory that had rows and rows of bottles of queer stuff she knew nothing about. Her father told her that the real fairies lived in those bottles and it seems she found this true in later years.

Marie soon adapted herself to the laboratory and learned a great deal about chemistry. In fact, as a mere child she knew more about the science of chemistry than most people ever know. She also applied herself to other studies, for she was earnest, studious, and a hard worker. The knowledge thus gained enabled her to go through high school in a short time and she was graduated at the age of sixteen. During her high school days Marie won two prizes as a result of her ability and devotion to her work.

Soon after her graduation she went into the home of a Russian nobleman as a governess for his young daughters. These girls, however, were more interested in social things than in their school work, and Marie became quite unhappy.

During this time the Russians were making life quite unbearable in her native land, Poland, because that little country was not able to stand up for its rights. Marie heard of an uprising of some young Polish men, some of whom were students of her father. They were unable to do much against the Russians and a great many of them were taken prisoners. In order to be free at all to work at her life's work, she knew she must leave Russia. Paris was the one place that meant freedom and opportunity for her. So one night while her young charges were having a wonderful masquerade in their home she planned her escape.

Dressed as an old woman she left Russia and no one ever suspected that under that bonnet and spectacles was a young girl going out to seek her fortune.

In Paris she had little to live on. Gradually her funds dwindled until she had practically nothing left for food. She lived in a large garret that was cold most of the time, but her courage never failed. She went from one laboratory to another asking for a place as assistant, but the answer was always the same: "That is a man's job." One man told her she had better go to a milliner's and learn to make hats.

At last, one professor of chemistry, thinking the girl was possibly starving, gave her an opportunity to come in and

clean up his laboratory and tend the furnace. One day when he was doing an experiment, she gave him a splendid suggestion. That opened his eyes. He knew then that she knew chemistry. So she was made an assistant. While in this position she did her college work.

While she was in college and working her way through in this way, a young professor fell in love with her and married her; he was Pierre Curie. And so she became the wonderful Madam Curie! Together she and her husband worked day after day and year after year. Two little daughters came to bless them. These children were raised in the laboratory much as the mother was.

Her big problem was to get a new substance she felt existed in what is called pitchblende. Though some times her husband, Dr. Curie, almost gave up, she never did. She would instill new courage into him and then they together would continue the work. She felt that if they would go on and on they must succeed. It is impossible for those of us who know but little of these things to realize the amount of work and courage such a task requires.

Their efforts were finally rewarded and in 1903 the marvelous metal—one hundred times more precious than gold—was extracted. Not only Paris and France, but the whole world did them homage! Think of the little poverty-stricken girl now coming to be known everywhere, for her work in science, which is ordinarily known as a man's field; But her courage won! She stands today as a distinguished woman in the field of science, and has received honors that no other woman has ever had.

A great sorrow came to her in 1906 when Dr. Curie on a rainy morning stepped from the curb onto a wet street and slipped and fell under a moving truck that killed him almost instantly. Madam Curie felt that life had again become dark and almost hopeless. But still she had her two little daughters and her work.

The position her husband held as professor of chemistry was offered her, and she accepted. She went on with her wonderful work and carried his as well, besides acting as both father and mother to 8-year-old Irene and 3-year-old Eve.

When asked at one time what she thought had enabled

her to reach such success she said: "My excellent training: first, under my father, who taught me to wonder and test; second, under my husband, who understood and encouraged me; and third, under my daughters who question me."

This little woman has brought into this world that most wonderful substance, radium. She did it by perseverance, hard work, and courage. Through all time Madam Curie's name will be linked with that substance that is a hundred times more precious than gold.

Review

When Madam Curie was a little girl where did she spend most of her time?

What did she learn about in her father's laboratory?

How did the young woman start life in Paris?

What did she constantly strive for?

What great discovery did she make? (Explain the use of radium.)

What lesson may we learn from the life of Madam Curie? (That "earnest toil will be rewarded.")

Singing: "Today, while the sun shines, work with a will."

Today

Why fear to-morrow, timid heart?

Why tread the future's way?

We only need to do our part

To-day, dear child, to-day.

The past is written! Close the book

On pages sad and gay;

Within the future do not look,

But live to-day—to-day.

'Tis this one hour that God has given;

His Now we must obey;

And it will make our earth His heaven

To live to-day—to-day.

—Lydia Avery Coonley Ward (1845).

LESSON 5

ALMA, THE SON OF ALMA

About 120—73 B. C.

Many heroes of service and right can be found in the history of the peoples recorded in the Book of Mormon. Great heroes sprang up among those people at various times just as they have among all people. In every age of every nation mighty men come forth to do their share of the work at hand, and very often the lives of these men are as beacon lights to the people who come after.

In the city of Zarahemla during the reign of King Mosiah, when Alma was the leader of the church, there was a time when the four sons of Mosiah, and Alma, the son of Alma, were considered as unbelievers of the Gospel or the work of God. They were not only unbelievers themselves, but they were the leaders among those who did not believe in religion, and very energetic leaders they were; they were men of force and strong character, and were not the type who merely follow meekly any cause they espouse, but they were fighters for it. This group did much injury to the Church of God by taking from it people whom they converted to their way of thinking.

While these men were going about leading the people from the church and trying to destroy it, an angel of the Lord appeared before them and spoke to them in a voice of thunder. The astonished men were so amazed and afraid that they fell to the ground. The angel commanded them to arise, which they did. He then delivered a stirring message to them, telling them they must cease their persecutions of the people of God and of God's church. When the angel left them they were so filled with fear that again they fell to the earth. Alma, the son of Alma, was unable to arise or to speak. He was carried unto his father in this helpless condition. Alma, the father, knew then that the Lord had really

sent a messenger unto this unworthy son, and that son had been amazed and astonished and filled with fear. The father called together the priests of the church and they fasted and prayed that Alma, the son, might regain the strength of his body and the words of his mouth. At the end of two days of fasting and prayer, the young man was able to stand and to speak. He had regained his strength. He said: "I have repented of my sins, and have been redeemed of the Lord; behold, I am born of the Spirit." And so he was. From then on he was a changed man, firm in the faith and always a worker for the cause of truth and right.

Up to this time, Alma, the son of Alma, had not performed any heroic deeds of service and right which were noteworthy, but the Lord knew that such an active man who had the ability of leadership and the force of character which Alma had shown in his early years would be a very worthy man if he were brought face to face with the facts. In this respect his case was similar to that of Saul, who was miraculously converted. This knowledge of the great possibilities which Alma, the son of Alma, had was demonstrated in full measure, for from this time on Alma was a mighty leader among the people as the following history shows:

He and the four sons of Mosiah, who had been with him when he received the heavenly message, now went abroad among the people telling them of the things that had changed their views, and preaching to them the Gospel as they understood it, and explaining the plan of life, and urging the people to keep the commandments of God. After doing all they could to repair the injury they had done before their conversion, and after converting even more now than had followed them before, the four sons of Mosiah pleaded with their father, the king, to allow them to go up to the land of Nephi to carry the glorious message they had received to their brethren the Lamanites. After much hesitation, the king consented. He offered the position he held as king to each one of the four sons, but not one would accept it. They would rather proclaim the "good tidings of great joy" to the unbelievers than to rule over the land.

At this time the voice of the people requested that a representative form of government be adopted. To this proposal, King Mosiah not only consented, but he really

made the suggestion of appointing judges to rule the land, and that was done. No more was there a king over the Nephites. And Alma, the son of Alma, was appointed the first chief judge over the people. Besides this he was also high priest, which was the highest position of the church, having been appointed by his father to fill this position, and to have charge of all the affairs of the church.

In the twenty-ninth chapter of Mosiah we get a good idea of why Alma was chosen to these responsible positions: "And now it came to pass that Alma did walk in the ways of the Lord, and he did keep His commandments, and he did judge righteous judgments; and there was continual peace through the land."

Not only was Alma a righteous judge and a worthy church leader, but he was a good soldier. At one time when there was a great conflict between the Nephites and the Lamanites, the Nephites went before the Lord and prayed for strength and power to overcome their enemies. Amlici, a mighty leader and a great soldier, led the forces of the Amlicites who were helping the Lamanites, and Alma led the forces of the Nephites. During the conflict these two leaders came together face to face, and it was for them to fight to the bitter end. Alma prayed to his Father in heaven for help, that he be given strength to overcome his enemy, and that he might live to save and preserve the people he represented. He thereupon was able to slay Amlici with his sword, and he and his people were victorious.

Alma found that being chief judge and also high priest was more than he could do satisfactorily. He therefore selected a judge to take his place in that office, for he felt that the work of high priest which he held in the church was of greater importance, so he retained that position. This was after he had been chief judge for nine years.

Alma became a great messenger of the truth, he preached to the people of Zarahemla and from there traveled out over all the country; he went to Gideon, to Melek, to Ammonihah; the message he preached was one of repentance and baptism that the people might be "partakers of the fruit of the tree of life."

Wonderful were the experiences of this leader of the Nephites in many ways. He had numerous experiences with

various people who did not believe as he did, but in almost every case he championed the cause of truth, and right came off victorious, insomuch that he converted many who were leaders of another faith.

The people of Ammonihah, however, would not heed his words as did the people of Gideon and of Melek. They hardened their hearts against him. These people told him that his religion was just 'foolish traditions.' Since he was no longer chief judge they would not listen to him, and had him cast out of their city. His sorrow was about to overcome him when an angel appeared and told him to return to the city of Ammonihah and preach to them again. Alma returned by a different road and entered at a different gate. As he went in he met a man whom he asked to give him food. This man was Amulek, a Nephite.

Now these two men became missionaries together, they taught with great power. Their enemies were unable to hold them in a dungeon, or to slay them; they had a mission to perform and they were protected by heavenly power to fulfil their tasks. They preached before all kinds of people. Finally they were brought to Zeezrom, the chief of the lawyers, who tried to confound them in their doctrines. But Alma and Amulek knew that they championed the cause of their Heavenly Father, while Zeezrom was being well paid for championing the cause of the people. Zeezrom worked hard against them, but when he found that his people wanted to put these two missionaries to death he knew in his soul that they were men of God and were teaching the Gospel of life and salvation. He told his people these men were right and he was wrong. The people thought him possessed of the Evil One and spat upon him, and cast him out from them. Many were also cast out who were converts to the faith of Alma by his wonderful testimony. Zeezrom became very ill with a fever, his illness being caused by his wickedness preying on his mind. When Alma came to him he asked to be healed. Alma told him that if he really believed, he could be healed. Zeezrom did believe; the power of God rested upon him and he was healed.

During the time of Alma's ministry, when a period of about two years came that there was peace in all the land, there came among the people a man whose name was Kori-

hor, who was an antichrist. That is, he did not believe in Christ and His plan to come to redeem mankind. This Korihor began to blaspheme, and say all manner of evil things and he was taken before Alma and the Chief Judge. Here he reviled against all that had to do with the Church. He asked Alma for a sign that he might know there was a God. Alma said he had signs enough, that he was tempting God when he said, "Show me a sign." Alma said: "This will I give thee for a sign, that thou shalt be struck dumb, that in the name of God, ye shall no more have utterance." And Korihor was struck dumb. Later he wrote, "I know that I am dumb and I know that nothing save the power of God could bring this upon me."

Alma's son, Helaman, was given a very excellent discourse by his father regarding what he should do and how he should do it. All of us may well take the opening words to heart, which are as good for us as they were in the days of Helaman; they are "My son, give ear to my words: for I swear to you, that inasmuch as ye shall keep the commandments of God ye shall prosper in the land." The other sons of Alma received instructions, too, that were very worthy, and showed that he was a wise and righteous father as well as a great and noble leader of the people.

After eighteen years of being chief judge over the people, and of taking care of the church affairs, Alma turned the plates over to his son Helaman who carried on the records as had been done by him and by his forefathers since the time of Lehi. Then after having given full instructions about things he was turning over to others, and giving his sons advice for their good, Alma left Zarahemla as though he were going to the land of Melek. He disappeared, leaving no idea as to how or where he had gone. Having always been a righteous man and greatly loved of his people they felt that, like Moses, he had been "taken up by the Spirit or buried by the hand of the Lord."

Review

How was Alma and the sons of Mosiah converted to the Lord? How did they make amends for the injury they had done to the Church?

Why would none of the sons of Mosiah consent to being made king?

How many members of the class have a desire to become missionaries of the Church?

What must you do in order to prepare yourselves for a mission?

(Relate an interesting experience of a L. D. S. missionary.)

Singing: "My light is but a little one."

The Upright Life

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defense,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence:

He only can behold.
With his affrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth so well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

—Thomas Champion.

LESSON 6

COPERNICUS

1473—1543

How would you like to be sent to jail because you believed certain things to be true? You would of course consider such treatment as unjust persecution and hardship. Then what would you say about it if your father, mother, older brothers, sisters, or any of your relatives or friends should be killed, especially by being burned at the stake for teaching or advocating certain ideas or doctrines which they conscientiously believed or even knew to be true? You would then think very bitterly no doubt that this is a terrible world in which to live, and you would perhaps wonder how any one in power could be so horribly cruel.

Yet those were the conditions which prevailed very generally throughout the world only a few hundred years ago. O, how superstitious, narrow-minded, prejudiced, and ignorant the people were in those days! How favored and blessed we are to live in the free land of America in this enlightened age of liberty, knowledge, and progress! And yet even today there are evidences occasionally of that same old, narrow, unchristian-like spirit of intolerance and prejudice. It has crept out many times against our people, the Latter-day Saints, and was really responsible for the murder of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and the death of many other Mormons since that time.

About 500 years ago when ignorance about the world in general was very prevalent, there was born in the town of Thorn, in Poland, a boy who was to become a shining light in the darkness of ignorance about Him. His name was Nicolas Copernicus. As a result of his heroic struggle to learn the truth and to enlighten the

world he won for himself a fame among scientists that will endure for all time. He was one of the first leaders in that small army of truth-seekers who, during the "dark ages," carried on a war against ignorance and tried to replace superstition and error with the facts of truth and knowledge. And what a hard fight it was!

The father of Nicolas died when the boy was only ten years old; the mother had a brother who was a bishop in the Catholic Church and she desired the boy to become a preacher also. So Nicolas, who was always a good student and very anxious to learn all he could, went to school at Thorn and later to the University of Cracow. There he studied philosophy and medicine and graduated as a doctor in 1499, seven years after Columbus discovered America. The subject he liked best, however, and to which he devoted most study, was mathematics, particularly astronomy. It was he who is said to have founded the useful and wonderful science of trigonometry. He also became a skilful artist in painting.

After completing his studies in his native country, Poland, Copernicus traveled and studied and lectured in other countries, notably in Italy. There he had interesting contacts with the Pope at Rome and with other high officials of the Catholic Church.

Now before and even during the days of Copernicus many curious beliefs were held regarding the earth and its relation to the sun, the planets, and the stars. It was commonly believed that the earth was flat, that the sky was a solid blue dome holding up the earth by its four corners, that the stars in that solid firmament were either peep-holes through which the light of heaven above the sky could be seen, or they were jewels hung there by angels who moved them back and forth across the sky; that there was an ocean in the heavens above the earth and that was where the rain came from; that the sun was pushed across the sky each day by angels who hid it behind a mountain each night, and many other interesting beliefs were held. How strange it seems to us that some people even today believe the earth is flat!

One of the ideas that had been held and sincerely

believed and taught for hundreds of years was that the earth is the center of the universe and that the sun and planets revolve about it. Some of the strongest advocates of that idea were the priests and high officials of the Catholic Church, which in civil as well as religious affairs was exceedingly powerful in those days and forced people to accept its dogmatic decrees. Woe be to that man or woman who should dare to express an opinion contrary to that held by the Pope! Difference of opinion was not tolerated and many were the fearless pioneers of thought who were cruelly tortured or put to death because their views or teachings did not agree with the dogmatic rulings of the Pope or priests of that Church which was so intolerant in those days.

Copernicus became deeply absorbed in the whole problem of the earth and its motions and relations to other heavenly bodies. Night after night for many years he watched the stars. And the more he thought and studied and observed and measured and calculated them and their movements, according to the laws of mathematics which he knew so well, the more convinced he was that the earth is not the center of the universe with the sun and stars revolving around it. He concluded that the earth revolves around the sun.

That was a most startling doctrine at that time. It eventually changed the whole world of thought about this subject and marked a new era in the advancement of science.

Copernicus returned from Italy to his native land and became a Catholic priest in a small town. From that time on his life was devoted mainly to three lines of work—his religious duties, the practice of medicine, and the study of astronomy, and he led a very quiet, peaceful life.

But he was intensely interested in astronomy and in the new idea about the motion of the earth about the sun. He knew, however, that if he should preach that doctrine at that time he would be sent to jail or killed, and that important message would be lost to the world, because it was not in accord with the views of the Pope

and the church. Nevertheless his whole soul was stirred with the desire to put that truth in such form that future generations could benefit by it.

So Copernicus decided to write a book on the intensely interesting subject of astronomy. It was called "The Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies." It took him seven years to write it, but even that was only a beginning, for during a period of nearly forty years as he studied and observed and calculated the movements of the stars more and more, he would add to his book or revise it according to the new things he found out. It is said that he re-wrote the book five times and that every night for twenty-seven years he wrote something in it, until at last it had 3,000 pages.

To preserve this work of a lifetime, that was his great problem and worry. He knew that if in being printed it should fall into the hands of the ignorant, dogmatic rulers who did not appreciate the facts it contained, it would be burned and perhaps he would too. So he was careful to have it published under the best and safest conditions possible. The printing of the book was finally completed when Copernicus was on his death-bed and he died soon after, in 1543. This great student pioneer into new regions of thought had successfully completed his wonderful life's work and had given to the world a message of truth of vast importance in the world's conceptions of the universe.

Yet this book was denounced most furiously by the Pope and the Catholic church and men were afterward tortured, imprisoned, abused in numerous ways, and even inhumanly burned at the stake for believing and teaching the principles contained in it.

A saying that has been demonstrated over and over since the world began is: "Truth though crushed to earth, will rise again."

Review

Which of the sciences did Copernicus like best?

What is astronomy?

At the time of Copernicus, what was the belief of

the world concerning the earth, the sky, the sun and the stars?

What great discovery did Copernicus make in relation to the earth?

Why was Copernicus afraid to tell the world about his great discovery?

Why was Joseph Smith persecuted and finally put to death?

What is your belief concerning the Church of which you are members?

Singing: First and second stanzas of "We thank thee, O God, for a Prophet."

Carry On!

Grant this my only prayer—Oh keep
My soul from turning gray!

For until now, whatever wrought
 Against my sweet desires,
My days were smitten harps strung taut,
 My nights were slumbrous lyres.

And howsoe'er the hard blow rang
 Upon my battered shield,
Some lark-like, soaring spirit sang
 Above my battle-field;

And through my soul of stormy night
 The zigzag blue flame ran.
I asked no odds—I fought my fight—
 Events against a man.

But now—at last—the gray mist chokes
 And numbs me. Leave me pain!
Oh, let me feel the biting strokes
 That I may fight again!

John G. Neihardt (1881).

LESSON 7

POCAHONTAS

1599—1621

The American Princess

It is not a usual thing for an American girl to be a princess. However, it may be all right for us to think that America produced one, and she the favorite daughter of the great Indian Chieftain, Powhatan. Powhatan was indeed a mighty ruler! Under his command there were about thirty or forty tribes of Indians which occupied vast areas of territory. To rule over such a domain was both a great honor and a great responsibility.

History tells us that Chief Powhatan had many wives, twenty sons, and eleven daughters. Very little is known of any of his family except Pocahontas and one or two sons.

Pocahontas became famous as a young heroine who offered her life to save the life of Captain John Smith. It was a noble act. Think of an Indian girl of only ten or twelve years of age daring to enter upon a scene so grave and threatening as that in the court of her people, when she offered to save the life of this strange man! Listen to the story of this brave deed.

Among his people Powhatan was shown the consideration thought to be due a mighty king, in fact the consideration of a god! His word was law at all times; his command was always obeyed; he was merciless toward any who failed to do his bidding. Historians tell us that Pocahontas was really not a princess, but just a simple Indian maiden, used to the crudest kind of Indian life of her time. But even so, a daughter of so mighty a ruler, who would do the noble things she did, must have been a princess at heart.

Captain John Smith, head of the Colony of Virginia, became a prisoner of Powhatan's for some weeks. When the court meeting was held to decide his fate, throngs of Indian warriors and women were gathered about in all the finery of

savage war paint and feathers. The meeting was held, although little if any of what was said was understood by Captain Smith. In fact, he had no idea as to what was to be done with him until two stones were brought in and placed before the chieftain. Then he was lifted by as many as could get hold of him and his head placed on the stones. The executioners raised their huge clubs to strike his head, when the little favorite, Pocahontas, jumped to the side of the condemned man, took his head in her arms and laid her head on his, so any blow aimed at him would hit her first.

This must have been a great surprise to the father, but it was effective; Captain Smith was allowed to live, the Indian girl had saved his life! A few days after this rescue, the mighty Powhatan and his warriors went through a tribal ceremony which meant that they accepted Captain Smith as a friend. He was allowed to go home to his colony, but was ordered to send the Indians two large guns and a grind stone.

It was always the Indians' plan to get some firearms from the white men. It was the colonists' greatest concern to keep the Indians from getting any of their guns. Time after time Powhatan planned and schemed to get some guns. He would send gifts to the white men and invite them to come to his people for what they needed, but time after time Captain Smith, through his strategy, found that all this Indian ruler wanted was swords and guns that he might drive the white people out of his land.

On one occasion some white men happened to be near the Indians, for Powhatan had provided supplies of corn for them to load on their boats to take to Jamestown for their winter supplies. The tide being low, the boats could not go until the tide rose. Entertainers were sent by Powhatan to amuse the whites while they waited the incoming tide. Then the whites were left alone. It was at this time that Powhatan was gathering his forces and planning to destroy them. The colonists were waiting in a cabin. Suddenly the young Indian princess appeared out of the thick of the forest to warn the whites that their destruction was very near unless they got away. This was the second time Pocahontas had saved life. Although the white men offered her trinkets of all sorts, she did not dare take them for fear she would be suspected of warning them of danger. No doubt it was a real sacrifice

for her to deny such gifts, which were so near and dear to her heart. So back through the dark woods she went alone, and without any gifts. But she had done her duty as she saw it.

By some means as years went on Powhatan obtained a considerable number of fire arms .He was still very anxious to get equipment so he could drive the whites out of his country He also held quite a number of Englishmen as prisoners. He therefore planned to make big demands before he would release them. About the time he was to make his demands, or to plan his big attack, young Pocahontas visited some friends of hers that lived near Jamestown. Often this young Indian girl had visited among the whites in that neighborhood, as well as among her own people.

There was an English vessel anchored near, whose Captain was an ambitious young man that wanted to do his bit to help out the whites. He planned to capture Pocahontas and make her prisoner. He bribed an old Indian by giving him a copper kettle to help get her aboard his ship.

It so happened that Pocahontas had visited the English vessels several times. It was no novelty for her. But the wife of the Indian who was to receive the copper kettle had not been so fortunate. In order to get Pocahontas aboard they had to use strategy. So the Indian wife suddenly became possessed of an intense desire to visit one of the great, new, strange ships. Her husband said he would not let her go on any condition ; she pleaded but it was of no use ; he said he would flog her if she went without a woman companion. Her young friend Pocahontas thereupon said she would go along. So along went the unsuspecting Indian maid ! While she was being shown in and about the gun-room she was made a prisoner ! The captain told her she would be held until peace came between the Indians and whites. It is natural to suppose that the poor young thing was very much frightened and distressed, but it was not so. It proved to be a real interesting adventure in her life. After a few days she was given a good deal of freedom and thoroughly enjoyed the romance of being a captive.

Word was sent to her father of the captivity of his dearest daughter ; that she was to be held until he returned the English prisoners he held and also the fire

arms and tools they had stolen or got in other ways from the whites. Powhatan loved his daughter ; he also thought much of the fire arms that were in his possession. He sent a messenger back to the ship asking them to be kind to Pocahontas and he would come to rescue her shortly by complying with the request of the captain of the ship.

After three months Powhatan sent seven prisoners, a few fire arms, some tools, and corn, and asked for his daughter's release. The captain took these only as a part payment, saying that the Indian girl would be well used and cared for until her father should send the rest of the things. However, it was a long time before anything was done. Indeed Pocahontas had been a prisoner for about a year before she was released and the whites and Indians came to an agreement and were friends.

While she was a prisoner of the whites young John Rolfe fell in love with Pocahontas and she also fell in love with him. She was about eighteen or nineteen years of age at the time. She was not very beautiful, but she was a very interesting young girl. The great concern of Mr. Rolfe was to make a Christian of her. In teaching her Christianity they came to know and love each other more than ever. Mr. Rolfe finally asked Governor Dale whether he might marry this Indian maiden provided she and her father were willing. The governor gave his consent.

Two of the brothers of Pocahontas came to see her, having heard that she was ill. They were surprised to see her so well and happy. She told them of her love for the Englishman. They carried the message to Powhatan, who was very much flattered. The wedding took place in Jamestown, just after she was baptized. It was also thought best to give her a Christian name. This was done. They named her Rebecca. After this the new name was nearly always combined with the title "Lady"—so Pocahontas became "Lady Rebecca."

This marriage was the most effective thing possible to bring peace between the two peoples. From that time on Powhatan was a real friend of the colonists at Jamestown.

About two years after the wedding, Governor Dale returned to England. Mr. Rolfe and his wife, the Lady Rebecca, went with him. Old Powhatan sent along one of his trusted braves to count the English people and estimate for him their strength. On arriving at London he started to make a notch in a stick for every person he saw! He soon found this was an impossible task.

Pocahontas was indeed a curiosity to the people of England. She was to them a foreign princess and was accorded great consideration. But in some respects she was disappointed with her visit to England. As she was preparing to return to her native land she was taken ill and died at the age of twenty-two. She left one son who was kept in England to be raised and educated. He later returned to America where he lived and raised a family. From him have come some very distinguished families of Virginia.

Although Pocahontas' life was short, yet during that period she did some very notable things and made a name for herself that will live on in history.

Review

Who was Pocahontas?

What did Pocahontas do for the white settlers?

How was she, in turn, treated while a prisoner on the English vessel?

What effect did the marriage of Pocahontas have upon her people?

What lessons may we learn from the life of this Indian girl?

(Recite: "Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you.")

The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882).

LESSON 8

KARL G. MAESER

1828—1901

Dr. Karl G. Maeser may be considered the Father of Education in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Many, many families of the Church boast of the fact that this or that member of the family came under the tutorship of "Brother Maeser." Even to this day, more than twenty-four years after his death, those who knew him as a teacher love and revere his name, and like to talk over reminiscences of his splendid life. His students love to tell of his severity at times in demanding the best that was in them, and of his ability to get them to do good work and to put in worth-while hours at hard study. They love to tell of his sweet tenderness to them in time of sorrow and trial. But above all, perhaps, they remember the stirring words of truth he uttered and the fires of inspiration he started in their souls. He was particularly anxious that the boys and girls under his care should lead the splendid and exemplary lives of true genuine Latter-day Saints.

This Grand Old Man, as he is often called now by his students, came to earth in far-away Germany almost one hundred years ago, for he was born in 1828.

Brother Maeser's father was an artist who worked in the china works of Dresden, Germany, which is indeed one of the most famous china factories in the world. No doubt the father showed young Karl how he designed the various bits of china he made, and also talked over with him the types of decoration best suited to the various pieces he produced. This was only one of the many kinds of products for which Germany was noted, and Karl was proud of his native country. But though he was proud of the fatherland he was always one of the most humble of men.

At the age of twenty he was graduated from the

School Teacher's seminary in Dresden. His education was to prepare him to be a teacher. That was his training and it really became his life, for he was until the day of his death, a teacher and a most excellent one. For some time he was a private tutor and then he was employed as teacher in some of the large schools of Dresden. While teaching there he met and married Miss Anna Mieth, whose father was principal of one of the Dresden schools.

"The first thing "Brother Maeser" remembered of hearing about the "Mormons" was when as a child he read of their persecution in Missouri. The ideas he had of this strange new faith stayed with him for years. Then by accident he learned of one of this faith who was in Copenhagen preaching the Gospel. It was Elder John Van Cott. Karl wrote to this elder and from him learned the address of Elder Daniel Tyler who was at that time the president of the Swiss and German Mission. Some religious pamphlets were sent to young Maeser and his dearly beloved friend and fellow teacher, Edward Schoenfeld. These two young men were at first highly amused at the translation of these pamphlets, for it was not well done, according to these young German teachers. But after some reading, the poor translation was forgotten in the message and the spirit that they found therein. They were deeply impressed. Elder Tyler then decided to send a missionary to Dresden to explain the Gospel to these young investigators, but since there was no religious liberty in Germany at that time he did not know how a missionary could get into that country to preach the Gospel. Brother Maeser suggested that he come as a "teacher." Elder William Budge was thereupon sent as a "teacher" into Germany to teach the Gospel to young Maeser and Schoenfeld. He was a guest in the Maeser household and taught that family and a few others the beliefs of the Latter-day Saints. This messenger arrived in late September and on October 14th, 1855, Karl G. Maeser, Edward Schoenfeld, and a school teacher by the name of Martin, were baptized by Elder Franklin D. Richards, who was at that time president of the European Mission. Although Elder Richards knew no German, and Brother Maeser knew no English, yet on their way home they visited together,

each talking in his own native language, and by the Spirit each understood the other perfectly.

This was a very heroic thing for the young German school teachers to do—to accept the faith of this very unpopular Church. They realized that when it was known that they were converts to the "Mormon" Church they could no longer hold their positions, so they voluntarily resigned. In London, where these two friends went from Dresden, they labored as missionaries for about two years.

Desiring to come to Zion, Brother Maeser left England in 1857 and went to Philadelphia and from there to Richmond, Virginia, where he taught music to some of the children of the best families of that city. Before going to Utah he was called to preside over the Philadelphia Conference, where he remained for about two and a half or three years. It was 1860 before he made the trip across the plains to Salt Lake City.

This young German school teacher was employed first in the 15th Ward school and later in the 20th Ward school in Salt Lake until about 1864 when President Brigham Young employed him as a private tutor in his own family. After about three years of this private tutoring he was called upon to preside over the Swiss and German Mission. Had the church authorities hunted over the whole Church they could have found no one better prepared for the work than was this splendid young man. While in Germany on this mission he established some new features. One of them was to start a Church newspaper that grew and flourished for many years and surely did a great work in teaching the Gospel to the German investigators.

After this mission, which lasted about three years, he returned to Salt Lake and again went into school teaching. In 1876 President Brigham Young founded the Brigham Young Academy at Provo where he placed Karl G. Maeser at the head. This was the big and glorious work which Brother Maeser seemed to have been prepared for through all the years of the past. He was given complete charge of building up a school. There was practically no money available for this mighty task. The only instruction the President of the Church gave him was "not to attempt to

teach even the multiplication table without the Spirit of the Lord." If any man was able to build a school under such circumstances Brother Maeser was that man. He builded nobly and well, and that splendid institution today is indebted to him for the firm foundation of faith and conscientious work that it rests upon. The struggles, the trials, the poverty through which this hero passed were rewarded in his own lifetime by his being able to see the results of his labors manifest in the men and women who left the Academy to become leaders of their communities. They were not only leaders of their communities but many of them have become influential leaders through the West and some occupy high and responsible positions in the nation. These students of Brother Maeser's who have done and are doing such splendid work stand as monuments to his notable work as a teacher.

For about twelve years this worthy educator was at the head of the Brigham Young Academy. Then he was chosen to be head of the Church School System that had grown from the Brigham Young Academy, as though that institution were the parent of a number of children and they needed a guiding hand to direct them.

In 1895 Doctor Maeser as a member of the Constitutional Convention helped to make the Constitution for the State of Utah when it was about to become a member of the Union.

In 1901 this venerated and loved leader of education closed his eyes in death and was ready to hear the welcoming words, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord."

Review

Why did Brother Maeser's students love him?

What great thing did Elder William Budge do for Karl G. Maeser?

How did Brother Maeser show his love for the Church and for the Latter-day Saints?

What great honor did the Church confer on Brother Maeser?

What may we learn from the life of this great man?
(Recite: A righteous life wins the favor of God and man.)

A Psalm of Life

(What the Heart of the Young man said to the Psalmist.)

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882.)

LESSON 9

LOUIS PASTEUR

1822—1895

The Father of Modern Medicine

Should you be asked who is the greatest Frenchman, you would probably without one exception say Napoleon. However, when this question was put to a vote in France some years ago the majority voted for Louis Pasteur. Were they right? Let us consider him and his work and see.

Two days after Christmas in 1822 in Dole, France, there was born a baby that was named Louis Pasteur. The father of this little one was a tanner by trade. Not long after Louis came to live with them the family moved from Dole to Arbois so the children might have the advantages of the schools that Dole did not have. Louis' father discovered that there was in Arbois a tannery for sale, so he bought it. The boy went to the primary school and then on to a sort of preparatory or high school. He showed no special brilliancy in any of his school work, and seemed in fact to be one of the very ordinary pupils of his classes.

The director of this school was a great friend of Louis and of his family. He talked about Louis going to the Normal School in Paris as though that were the only thing for a boy so studious and quiet as he to do. So Louis studied hard and was finally sent to this very fine school. At one time while he was in Paris at school he had a nervous breakdown. He said then if he could only smell the old tannery again he was sure it would make him well. If you know the odor of a tannery you will wonder how that could be. Louis went home for a time, however, and then returned to his school work.

One thing that seems quite strange is that he was considered mediocre, or very ordinary, in his chemistry. We think it strange now because Pasteur eventually became one of the world's greatest biological chemists. Soon after Louis finished his school work he went into the chemical laboratory with some ideas in his mind that he felt he must work out. In that day very little was really known about science.

In ages past, when great scientists brought forth any theories that conflicted with the general beliefs of the time, they were tortured and cruelly put to death in many cases. Then later it was often found that these new theories were correct. Fortunately Louis Pasteur lived in a more enlightened age, for he was not burned at the stake but was allowed to live and give to the world some of the information it most sorely needed.

One of the first things he studied was spoiled fruit which had been put up in bottles. He wanted to determine what it was that caused the gas to be given off. He found it was a low form of life that lived and grew, and reproduced very rapidly. This was indeed a very great task, for no one at that time had ever thought of such a thing before. People could see that such fruit often became moldy, but they did not know how it did until Pasteur discovered the correct explanation. This was a very important discovery and entirely changed the ideas of people concerning such matters. They now learned the truth where they had been in ignorance before. Pasteur kept on studying and working and learned a great many things no one ever knew before. He was really quite young when he began to be given positions such as professor of chemistry in one institution, then professor of chemistry and dean of the faculty—which really meant he was the president of the college. Pasteur had a motto that helped him a great deal in his life; it was one that any of us may well adopt as our guiding phrase: "Luck favors those that are prepared." So he prepared himself and surely luck favored him.

After discovering that it is bacteria or fungi (low forms of life) or germs that cause bottled fruit to spoil,

and finding out the conditions under which those low forms of life are produced, Pasteur decided to try to prove that if milk or meat or fruit was kept free from these germs it would not "spoil." Of course it is very common and ordinary for us now to take milk, meat, and fruit from cans and find that they are practically as good as when they were fresh. But before Pasteur made his discoveries, canned fruit and vegetables were unknown. He found that if those foods were sterilized or heated until the germs were killed and then kept in containers free of germs, and so tightly closed they could not enter, the food would keep in good condition a long, long time.

His success gave this wonderful Frenchman another idea. Where any flesh was cut or bruised possibly it was this very same type of small life that caused the infection which often resulted so seriously. A great many people died from wounds of various kinds. So he set about to study this condition and to experiment with remedies for it. As a result of his studies and experiments Pasteur was able to tell the world, especially the doctors and nurses, that if they would clean a wound thoroughly and handle it with perfectly clean hands and use sterile bandages, the wound would heal itself. This was indeed a new idea! Pasteur then went right into the hospitals and showed the doctors and nurses how to save life. It was a great success, for all instruments, bandages, and packs that were to be put near an open wound were baked in order to kill the germs. At one large hospital in France, 90 per cent of the cases brought there died. It seemed that everything about the hospital was contaminated. The authorities ordered this institution closed, but Pasteur asked for an opportunity to clean it up and run it as a hospital should be run. He was given permission to do so. All the bedding was thoroughly cleaned as well as everything else in the hospital; instruments and bandages were sterilized, and the nurses and doctors were taught to wash and scrub their hands before they handled the patients. As a result, in a very short time 90 per cent of the patients recovered and only 10 per cent died. It was his discoveries and

his work along such lines that gave Louis Pasteur the name of the "Father of Modern Medicine."

Another thing this splendid man did was to help find out why the silk worms of southern France were dying. Southern France had a very fine silk industry, but its existence was in peril because the silk worms were dying off so fast. Although Pasteur had never seen a silk worm, he decided to go at the problem and try to solve the mystery. He found this trouble to be caused by a disease, and in a few months he was able to give a remedy for it. This was a splendid piece of work and was of great benefit to mankind.

Another great work he performed was to attack the epidemic of cholera among the chickens of the country. Before he started this work 10 per cent of the fowls of France were dying from cholera, but he checked the disease until less than 1 per cent were affected.

Did you ever hear of anybody getting bitten by a mad dog? What happens? They get what is called hydrophobia, the very same affliction which the dog has. Unless the one bitten is treated, he is liable to die; there is also danger of the one afflicted biting some one else and thus passing on this dread disease. Pasteur discovered a treatment for one affected by this malady and it proved to be almost an absolutely sure cure. So if anyone is attacked in these days by a mad dog he is rushed to a hospital where he is given the Pasteur treatment.

Not only this disease but almost all preventative medicines, such as vaccinations for various diseases—smallpox, typhoid, diphtheria, etc.—were made possible because of the remarkable work done by Louis Pasteur.

Is it any wonder then that when the French people were called upon to vote who was the greatest Frenchman he won the majority of the votes?

He was indeed a wonderful man. Not only his own country, France, but almost every country of the world has extended to him honors that few men have ever been given. He lived to see that his work was appreciated and that it meant wonderful things for people of every country for all time. Louis Pasteur, a truly great man,

the "Father of Modern Medicine," died in 1895 at the age of 73 years.

Review

What was Louis Pasteur's motto?

What do you think of this motto?

What did young Pasteur find in his study of spoiled fruit?

What remedy did he discover?

What great change did Louis Pasteur effect in a French hospital?

What things has the Lord told us are not good for us?

What promise has the Lord made to those who keep the Word of Wisdom?

Singing: First and second verses of "In Our Lovely Deseret."

The Effect of Example

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful shore.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last,—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

John Keble (1792-1866).

LESSON 10

ELIJAH

890—840 B. C.

A Mighty Prophet

When Elijah the mighty prophet lived, the king over the people of Israel was Ahab. Now Ahab had a wife who was a worshiper of the god Baal. This queen had great power with Ahab, so great that the worship of Baal was carried on as part of the religious ceremonies of the king. To the people who were true Israelites this was a sore trial, for they believed in the true and living God, and when the people turned from Him there was usually some great suffering among them as punishment because of their non-belief in Jehovah, and it came to pass that Ahab aroused the anger of the Almighty more than any king of Israel who had reigned before him.

Because of this worship of idols a great famine was sent upon the land. Before it came, Elijah prophesied that there would be neither dew nor rain for three years. And there was not. During part of this time Elijah the prophet went as he was commanded by the Lord to live by the brook Cherith, which flowed into the river Jordan. Here, each morning and each evening, ravens came to Elijah and brought him bread and meat; he had his water to drink from the brook. Later the brook dried up so Elijah was forced to go to another place.

The word of the Lord then came to him and told him to go to the city Zarephath, where there was a widow who had been commanded to feed him. So Elijah went. As he reached the gates of the city he met a woman who was gathering sticks. Elijah called to her and asked her to bring him a little water to drink and a bit of bread. She told him that she had no bread, that

all she had was a handful of meal in a barrel and a little oil in a jar. She said she was out gathering sticks that she might make a little cake and bake it for her and her son, and that after they had eaten that, then they would have to die, because there was no more for them to eat. This, then, was the widow whom the Lord had told to feed the Prophet! Elijah told her to make a cake for him first and the Lord would provide for her and her child. For many days she and her family and Elijah ate from the bread made of the handful of meal, and yet the flour barrel did not become empty. The widow also had a little jar of oil she used in her cooking and that too lasted and lasted although she used from it day after day.

Then a time came when the son of the widow was ill, very ill; in fact his spirit left his body and he was dead. The poor woman in her distress at the death of her child cried unto Elijah for help. Elijah carried the body of the boy to the loft where he himself had a bed. He placed the body on his bed and laid upon it three times and prayed unto the Lord to give the spirit of the boy back to his body. Elijah's prayer was answered. The boy lived. The mighty prophet called not in vain upon the Lord. He carried the boy to his mother and said, "See, your son is alive."

Obadiah was a steward in the service of the king Ahab. Ahab and Obadiah started out one day during the terrible drought to find grass to feed the horses of the king. Ahab went in one direction and Obadiah in another. Obadiah in his search came upon Elijah. The king had been hunting Elijah for a long time but had not been able to locate him. Ahab felt that Elijah was responsible for the terrible drought, because he had foretold its coming.

Elijah asked Obadiah to go to the king and tell him that he had found Elijah. Obadiah did not want to do so for he knew Elijah was a prophet of God. He said that if he told the king where Elijah was the king would come to get him and that by the power of the Spirit he would be moved to some other place. If this happened

then Obadiah would be put to death. But Elijah promised to show himself that day.

So Elijah was brought before King Ahab. The king called him "Troubler of Israel." Elijah said, "I have not troubled Israel, it is you and your father's house, that have forsaken Jehovah."

That day a contest was planned to see which was the true God—Jehovah or Baal. Many of the priests of Baal went with their followers to Mount Carmel. Elijah with some of his followers also were there. The plan was for each group to have a young bullock to sacrifice on an altar. The priests of Baal prepared their altar and put on the bullock cut in pieces. They then waited from early morning until noon to see if the god Baal would send a fire from heaven to burn the sacrifice. That was to be the test of the true God. The priest called upon their god, they cried, they leaped about, but nothing happened. Elijah laughed at them and said their god must be visiting, or asleep, or for some reason out of hearing! Until evening these priests kept trying without any results.

Then Elijah prepared his sacrifice. A young bullock cut in pieces was placed upon an altar. A trench was dug all around the altar. To prevent any suspicion being aroused, he had four buckets of water poured over the sacrifice and the altar. Three times he had this done until the whole thing was soaked and the trench was full of water. Then the mighty Prophet called upon the Lord to show to those people that He was the true God by sending fire from Heaven to consume the sacrifice. A fire from above came down and burned not only the sacrifice but the altar built of stone, and the water that was in the trench! The people beheld the most wondrous sight they had ever seen, they were afraid indeed, and fell upon their faces before this evidence of Jehovah's power.

After a long and an eventful life, Elijah came near the end of his days. Elisha, a young prophet that was a close follower of Elijah, stayed with the mighty Prophet to the end. Elijah knew that his last hour was at hand.

That day he had to make a trip to Jericho. He told Elisha that possibly he had better not go, but Elisha wanted to be with his friend to the last. About fifty friends followed these two men. They saw the two come to the river Jordan. Elijah rolled up his mantle and struck the water. The waters rolled back on both sides while the two men walked through on dry ground.

Elijah and Elisha, in earnest conversation, walked on and on. Then another marvelous thing happened. There came down from heaven, in a blaze of fire, a chariot and horses that were of fire! They swept by the prophet and his young friend and in passing bore Elijah up with them! So Elijah was carried to heaven in a flaming chariot and was seen no more on earth. As he was carried away, his mantle fell upon Elisha, who had hoped that he might be blessed with the same wonderful spirit Elijah had.

Retracing the steps the two of them had taken on the way out, Elisha alone came to the banks of the river Jordan; he rolled up the mantle of the prophet and struck the waters with it. He wondered if it were possible that Elijah's power were with him. Sure enough, the waters rolled back and he walked through on dry ground. The spirit of Elijah was truly with Elisha.

Review

Why was the Lord displeased with King Ahab and his people?

How were the worshipers of the false god punished?

How was the Prophet Elijah fed during the famine?

What great miracle did Elijah perform in the home of the poor widow?

Why was the widow's son restored to life?

How can we show respect to the Lord's servants—the Bishop, his counselors, the ward teachers, and others?

Small Beginnings

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea;

And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.

Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe its
early vows;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet
music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way and amid the grass and
fern,

- A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men
might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil
might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never
dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues, and saved a
life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old, and
yet 'twas new;

A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and, lo; its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame:
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on
the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley
still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily
mart,

Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied from the
heart;

A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from
death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random
cast!

Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.
Charles Mackay.

LESSON 11

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

1820—1910

How many girls who have an opportunity to go out and pet horses and make friends with them would pick out a poor worn-out pony that seemed past all use except to eat and loaf about a nice green pasture? Not many, I am sure, and if one did she would surely have a fine big heart. This was a thing that Florence Nightingale did as a child. She taught Peggy, the old horse, to come to her and nose about in her dress pocket for the lump of sugar or apple she put there for that purpose.

Old horses were not the only fortunate ones around Miss Florence, for she was always good to any animal, wild or tame. About the first bit of real nursing she did was for "Cap," the fine old shepherd dog which was so intelligent that he "could do almost anything but speak." Cap belonged to a shepherd who took care of the sheep owned by Florence's father. The shepherd had no wife or child, only Cap to live with him, and Cap was a noble companion. One day when Florence was riding out with the minister of her church, who was something of a doctor, they saw the shepherd alone with the sheep. They asked why he was there without the dog. He told them that some boys had thrown rocks at Cap and broken his leg. He felt that he would have to put Cap out of his misery, though it would be a very hard thing for him to do. Florence started at once for the shepherd's hut. There she found the suffering dog, which objected at first to being interferred with. But after some hot applications had relieved the pain of the injured leg, Cap was willing to be friends. They found the leg was severely bruised but not broken. After several days of good treatment the faithful helper was about again doing his part to care for the sheep.

This is only one of countless kindnesses Florence did as she was growing up to become one of the world's most famous women. Almost every day she went out among the sick and the helpless, taking a bit of cheer, sometimes something her mother prepared for her to take, and sometimes taking some little delicacy saved from her own lunch or dinner. It was her habit to visit the poor old people, the ones who were most often neglected, the ones who had the least joy in life. So in this way Florence laid the foundation for her life's work which came when she was most needed by suffering soldiers. About this time under the direction of her mother she had her first real training in case of sickness and accident.

Although her father was a man with a good deal of wealth Florence decided she would like to have hospital training and become a nurse. The gay, carefree life of luxury and ease she might just as well have chosen was not to her liking and she preferred doing her bit of the world's work among those who suffered.

After some splendid training in one of Europe's most famous hospitals, and after becoming acquainted with the work of the hospitals of several of the European countries, she returned to her lovely English home for much-needed rest. Then she found that a home for sick and aged governesses was about to fail. To save the institution from failure she consented to manage it. She gave of her strength and of her money and saved it from a sad fate. This institution still lives, a monument to her noble efforts.

When Miss Nightingale was 34 years old there came a great war between England and Russia. The fallen men suffered and died by the hundreds who could have been saved had there been some competent help available. A great plea was made for some patriotic English women to come to the rescue. There were many willing to go, but few of them were trained, and they would therefore be of little service if they did go. Florence Nightingale headed a band of thirty-eight nurses who went out onto the battle fields and worked hard to bring relief, food, clean clothes, and countless other things to the men who were lying in filth and racked with pain.

Never before had women of England gone to help the wounded in battle. This was indeed a new adventure in their lives. So modest and reserved were these women who went, that they left England by night so as not to attract attention. The sights they met among the fallen soldiers were enough to make them lose heart and want to flee to the comforts of their comfortable homes. But they did not turn back. They cleaned up the place where four thousand sick and wounded men were in sore distress; they opened up kitchens where food for the sick was prepared; and they established laundries where the clothes and bedding could be cleaned and kept clean. Of course Miss Nightingale merely managed and directed in these matters, but she showed very great efficiency in doing so. She was a tireless worker and after the doctors had made the men comfortable she with her lamp shaded by her hand would go about the wards to see if all were as comfortable as they could possibly be made. It was on these pilgrimages that men seeing her pass were filled with gratitude.

At this work she, as well as several other nurses, became sick with fever. They had to be given the care they had gone to the far-off battle fields to give to the soldiers. Some of the nurses died, but Miss Nightingale finally recovered and went on with her very splendid work. When the war was over at last and she was to return home by way of the Mediterranean sea, the British Government wanted to send a battle ship for her to travel on. But no. She wanted no fuss or trouble made on her account, so home she went quietly on a French steamer. Although a public welcome was planned for her, she came home so quietly that not much of a demonstration could be given.

However, for her services the English people made her a present of fifty thousand pounds, which is about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This sum she gave to St. Thomas' Hospital for a training home for nurses, where the "Nightingale Home" now stands as a monument to her name.

After her return home, Miss Nightingale was so reduced in health that she was an invalid for years. While she was never again able to go into public life it was fortunate that

she was able to write. So she wrote several splendid books on nursing which contained some of the fundamental principles that nursing rests upon even now. Examples of her ideas in the sick room are:

“Above all, leave the sick room quietly, and come into it quietly; not suddenly, not with a rush.

“Remember never to lean against, sit upon, or unnecessarily shake the bed upon which a patient lies.”

On account of the great work she did and her interest in nursing, Miss Nightingale was one of the founders of the Red Cross Society, and her name will live on and on in the famous annals of that wonderful organization. It is also very interesting to note that various nations turned to her to help them clean up their army camps. She was indeed a heroine and she performed a great and noble mission in the world.

Review

What was the first bit of nursing Miss Nightingale did?

How did she begin to prepare herself for her life's work?

Why was Miss Nightingale chosen to lead the band of nurses?

How did the English people show their appreciation of Miss Nightingale's services?

What did Miss Nightingale do with the money?

What instructions did Miss Nightingale give concerning the entering and leaving of sick rooms?

What can we do for sick and afflicted people?

Santa Filomena

(Written in honor of Florence Nightingale)

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

'The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
 The trenches cold and damp
 The starved and frozen camp.

The wounded from the battle plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
 The cheerless corridors,
 The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
 Pass through the glimmering gloom
 And flit from room to room.

And slow as in a dream of bliss
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
 Her shadow as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls.

Henry W. Longfellow.

LESSON 12

MARCONI

1874

Almost every boy of today knows a great deal about radio, for he has a little crystal set of his own. With great delight he has studied the subject and with his little instrument it is possible for him to hear what is going on in the invisible air that is so full of unheard sounds. What a wonderful thing it is that by the aid of a small piece of apparatus one can harness these sounds and bring them to the ear so they can be heard! And to think these sounds are carried hundreds and even thousands of miles without wires! Marvelous, marvelous is the radio! And how very new it is! Since the radio has come into use it is now easy to understand how our prayers can be heard.

Sometimes poverty is a wonderful thing, for the children raised in poverty often have to work against such odds and overcome so many obstacles that they develop great and noble characters; on the other hand, had those children been raised in ease and luxury they might have wasted much of their time in idleness and formed bad habits so they would not have amounted to much in life. Therefore poverty is sometimes a blessing in disguise.

In many cases, however, a child reared in wealth becomes a great character. It was so with Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy. With plenty of money, plenty of time, and an abundant supply of energy and brain power, money seemed to help rather than retard the work of this young scientist.

One could almost guess that Marconi was born in sunny Italy by the name he bears—Guglielmo Marconi. Such a name is most too hard for Americans to pronounce, so he is very often referred to as William Mar-

coni by the people of our country ; but to most people he is best known by the one name—Marconi—and those who read or hear it immediately think of the great inventor.

The date of his birth was April 25, 1874. Unlike most of the lads of our country who go through the common schools, Marconi, when a boy was taught by a tutor at home. Later he went to college. Electricity was his study and he was fortunate to have the great professor Righi, as his teacher in this subject.

Having plenty of money, his father fitted up a laboratory for him where the boy worked very earnestly. It was not a play shop for amusement but a place for good hard work and study. One of his greatest interests was the waves in the air. He learned early that waves travel through the air somewhat as they do in water. Just a small disturbance on a pond of water makes waves enough to set a cork on top a-bobbing. Just so with air. Electricity can make waves in the air. So Marconi's great task was to invent the necessary apparatus to send and also to receive these sound waves that the air is able to pass along. If a wireless telegraph apparatus could be invented it would be far cheaper than the wires that were being used everywhere to send messages by telegraph. Living on a very large estate there was plenty of room to experiment with anything he desired to try out. His generous father allowed him the freedom of the whole place and let him have his various stations anywhere he pleased ! What a help this was for such a genius !

By and by messages began to be sent. At first only very short distances, then gradually a few feet farther and farther. After hard work for five years the young inventor was at last able to send these wireless messages two miles. This was indeed a new thing in the world. There were no wires and yet these messages passed through that space and were received. As always happens, people would say "it can't be done," even at the time it was being done.

Although Marconi was only twenty-two years old at that time he had accomplished a marvelous thing. And

it was because he stayed with it. He still worked and worked and his efforts were rewarded. At last he gained some more distance and was able to send his message 31 miles! Then gradually more and more miles were added. Later a message was sent across the English Channel. Soon after this a distance of 180 miles was the record. The surprised world was astonished at one feat after another of this young Italian, for the results he accomplished were almost unbelievable.

Marconi's next dream was to send a message across the mighty Atlantic Ocean. He said little but worked hard. He set up a sending station at the southwest part of England and then left for America with two men to help him. He established his receiving station at Newfoundland. At first he thought he must use a kite flying 400 or 500 feet high in order to get any signals from England. This he tried but the line broke.

Another kite was used and a cablegram sent to his helper in England that all was ready for him to send the message. It was December 12, 1901, when the message was sent without wires all that way from England. There was no crowd present to celebrate the great event, for but few knew anything about it. Marconi surely must have been a happy man that day for time after time he was able to get the click-click-click of the message! Although he should have liked to keep very quiet about his experiment, after the news was out it traveled fast. People were delighted and wanted to let it be known that they appreciated what he had done.

Nearly all people who try to do great and new things are called dreamers. So Marconi was called a dreamer. But a dreamer who can make such dreams as this come true is no longer a dreamer but a great man. So it was with Marconi. And to think he was only 27 years of age when he achieved this great triumph! It is not often that one so young does such marvelous things.

Perhaps one of the very greatest benefits to mankind from this splendid invention is when a ship is at sea and trouble comes it is able by wireless to send word to other vessels that it needs help. Such an "S O S"

is picked up by other boats and they are usually able to give help in a very short time.

The wireless or radio has also made life very much more interesting for people living on farms or ranches or remote places as well as in the crowded cities.

So to Marconi is given hearty thanks for this splendid invention!

Review

What did Marconi have besides plenty of time and money that enabled him to carry on his work?

How, do you think, he became possessed of a good brain?

What did Marconi learn early concerning air waves?

What did he then proceed to do?

What is the difference between the radio and telegraph?

Of what benefit has the radio been to the world?

What lesson may we learn from the radio? (Relate an answer to prayer.)

Singing: "Did you think to pray?"

Beauty and Duty

I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

Ellen Hooper.

LESSON 13

HELEN KELLER

1880

Do you know the alphabet for the deaf? Have you ever seen a book that is read by blind people? If you have not, you would be interested to learn a little about how deaf people talk and how blind people read. Let us consider now the story of a woman who can neither see nor hear, yet is one of the most famous women of her age—Helen Keller.

Mark Twain, whom we all love for his splendid stories of wit and humor, once said that the two greatest characters produced during the 19th century were Helen Keller and Napoleon Bonaparte—Napoleon, because he was such a great conqueror, and Helen Keller because she conquered the darkness she was thrown into by disease, and yet made her life one of joy and delight.

Helen was born in the South, in Alabama. As a baby she was bright and wide awake and normal as any little child. The day she was one year old she took her first step, and a happy child she was from then until the time when she had a very severe case of scarlet fever at 19 months of age. It was considered almost impossible for her to live. But she did; when she recovered, however, she had lost the use of her eyes and her ears. Few people in the world are in such a condition as that. All she cared for was to be held in her mother's lap, as she had been during her illness. Just shut your eyes tight and hold your ears so you can neither see nor hear and you will get an idea of the world Helen has lived in ever since she was a small child.

Whenever she was put down and she tried to go about she ran into things. The whole world was new and strange and dark. What few words she knew before her illness she forgot. But by and by she learned a few

signs that helped both her and her family. She would nod her head for yes, and shake it for no. If she wanted something to eat she would act as though she were cutting a slice of bread and spreading butter on it. But you must know she was not a very happy child during this period. She was irritable and cross. She would kick and scream. And at one time when she was nearly six years old she locked the bathroom door when her mother was inside and threw away the key. This was rather a serious affair for some hours as there was no one at home to open the door.

This act made the father and mother feel that something must be done, if it were possible to have anything done for a child in that condition. They took her to some very learned doctors in Baltimore and Washington. As a result of these visits, Miss Anne Sullivan, a splendid teacher for the deaf and blind, left her home in the North and went to direct the education of the little deaf-blind Helen in the far South.

Perhaps in all the stories of the heroes and heroines in this book there is none that had greater patience or did a more splendid bit of work than this dear good woman who devoted many years of her life to the task of educating Helen Keller. She stands as a real heroine and her life is indeed a worthy example.

Before Miss Sullivan came, Helen seemed to realize that something was going to happen. And it surely did! For though it was a long hard task Helen was taught to talk with her hands. For some time after the teacher took her in charge it seemed to Helen that this dear, new friend was playing a game of some sort with her in her hand. Finally one day down at the well-house, as the water flowed from the pump on to Helen's one hand Miss Sullivan spelled w-a-t-e-r in her other hand, over and over again. At last she made the connection between the water itself and the word as it was being spelled into the other hand. From then on she was eager to learn. She wanted to know what everything was! She learned fast, much faster than any one would ever believe.

After learning to talk with her hands Helen was taught to read the books for the blind. At the age of eight she was taken to Boston where there was a whole library for the blind. This was a joy to her as she had had only a very few books like these before, for they were very scarce and extremely expensive in those days.

Famous people all over the country were very much interested in this little deaf-blind girl who was showing such extreme brilliancy. She was a wonderful example to other children who were not able to see, or not able to hear. Her example was like a great light shining before other unfortunate children. If she could do wonderful things when she could neither hear nor see and still be sweet and happy, then they could surely take her as an example and emulate her happy life, and learn to be useful.

One of Miss Sullivan's most difficult tasks was to teach Helen to know what such words as "love" and "think" are. She could not take hold of and handle them as she could water, doll, child, chair, and such things. One day as she was trying to understand "love" the sun came from a cloud and spread its lovely spring warmth over every thing. Was that love? No, not that. Was it the breath from the lovely flowers? No, not even that was love. But later it came to her that love was the feeling from her heart that reached out and touched other hearts the same as her hand could touch her doll, her book, or the flowers.

Perhaps no other child in all the world has touched with tender emotions so many hearts as this heroine of complete darkness!

Not being able to hear ,Helen had not learned to speak. But since she had made such a success of learning to read books for the blind and to talk with her hands, her teacher felt that she could learn to talk with her voice. At various times later, however, her teacher thought that this would indeed be more than was possible. Nevertheless it was done. By touching other peoples lips and throats and trying to imitate those sounds gradually after long hard work Helen was not only able

to read people's lips by touching them, but she was able herself to talk. One by one this noble child mounted the rungs of the ladder of her difficulties and came out on top.

Imagine a girl in this condition getting an idea she wanted to go to college as other girls did who are able to see and hear! This was a new venture, for never before had a deaf-blind girl tried to go to college. But she learned to write on the typewriter and that was a great help. One of the greatest difficulties of all was for her to get the lectures her professors would give in class. But even that difficulty was overcome, for she had some one sit by her and talk them off to her in her hand.

At the age of nineteen she started her college work. This was much harder for her than for most college girls, but with never a faint heart she kept right at it constantly until she finished and became what had been one of her highest ambitions—a college graduate.

Though it is many years since Miss Keller graduated from college, she still works hard. She is very anxious to know things, to be up on things that are happening. She also writes a great deal to give others a bit of the joy and contentment she has within her soul, to let them know of the beautiful thoughts that come to her active mind.

Review

What was the cause of Helen Keller's affliction?

What do you think of Miss Sullivan?

How did Miss Keller learn to talk?

What did Mark Twain mean when he compared Helen Keller to Napoleon Bonaparte?

What lessons may we learn from Helen Keller's life?

Strive, Wait and Pray

Strive: yet I do not promise

The prize you dream of today

Will not fade when you think to grasp it,

And melt in your hand away;

But another and holier treasure,
 You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
 And pay you for all your pain.

Wait: yet I do not tell you
 The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
 And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet, far through the misty future,
 With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
 Is winging her silent flight.

Pray: though the gift you ask for
 May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
 Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
 But choicer, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
 Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

A. A. Proctor.

LESSON 14

WILLIAM TELL

About 1180—1260

The Deliverer of Switzerland

Switzerland, the mountainous country in Europe that we hear a great deal about because of its beauty of scenery, is also noted for its independence. Six hundred years ago (about 1307) it was in a sad state. It was in the clutches of the Emperor of Germany, and the emperor then ruling was not the choice of the Swiss people. Because they had not supported him he declared that "he would no longer treat them as subjects but as slaves."

This state of affairs was indeed sad for the Swiss people, who are lovers of liberty. The Emperor had fortifications built all through Switzerland and manned with soldiers to enforce his laws. In each of these forts a governor was placed to rule that section of the country. The governor at Uri was Gessler who was noted for his cruelty and unjust actions. The people of Uri were almost in open revolt, as they were in nearly every section of the country, and there is no wonder at it. This tyrant Gessler had put up in the public market place an emblem of Austria to which every Swiss of Uri must bow down. If any refused to do so the penalty was death.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the native men of Uri formed an organization, called the "Riitli," which was to be ready to rise in revolt because of such scandalous treatment from their governor. Among the members of the Riitli was one man, William Tell, whose name will ever stand as the Deliverer of Switzerland.

William Tell was a mountaineer. He made his living by hunting the chamois and other wild game in the

mountains. Among the people of Uri he was known as a master archer, which means that he could handle a bow and arrow most expertly. Not only was he able to handle a bow and arrow, but also a boat. His father had been a pilot on the lakes of Switzerland and William became an expert pilot also, but he very much preferred his life in the mountains to a life on the lakes, and so he became a noted hunter.

William Tell was very fond of his family, and cherished the ideal of raising his children so they would be faithful, loyal and true, and become good citizens. At one time he said to his son, "We love you too well to permit you to be naughty without punishing you."

In his family there were not only his wife and children but also the son and daughter of his brother who were left orphans when very young. This boy and girl, Philip and Lalotte, were about fifteen and fourteen years old when this thrilling adventure of William Tell took place. Lalotte was a splendid helper with the children, and very good also to help her aunt with almost all of the work of the home. But Philip was really very different from Lalotte. He was the ring leader of his gang and was always up to some mischief or other.

One night William Tell came home with news that he and a group of men had organized the Riitli because they could endure conditions no longer and were going to be ready to make a strike for freedom from the existing tyranny. They objected to bowing before the "Cap on a pole," as they called that emblem of Austria. They objected to being slaves.

That very night Philip was late coming home. When he returned covered with mud his uncle and aunt inquired what mischief he had been up to that had kept him so late. He told them that he and a gang of about fifty youngsters had been throwing stones at that "Cap on a pole," until they had at last knocked it down. He was proud of the fact that he had thrown the very stone that had felled the hated thing.

The next day William Tell took Philip with him for several days on a hunting trip. They returned with a

great supply of chamois and other game that was to be taken to the fair at the market place the next day. When Philip learned of that fair he was all excited, and so was young Henric, the oldest child of the family. But the father told them that they could not go, neither Philip nor Henric. Of course Henric cried about it and was sent to bed with no supper. Philip sneaked a cookie off the table and took it to Henric who said, "No, I don't want a cookie; I want to go to the fair!" Philip told him to be quiet and they would run away to the fair without any one knowing about it.

Next morning after the father had gone to the fair with his many chamois skins and with a heavy heart because of the conditions of his country; and while the mother and Lalotte were in the creamery making the butter, Philip and little Henric left the younger children to their own care and ran away to the fair. They had been gone about two hours when it was discovered that the little children had been deserted by the boys who were left to care for them. Lalotte was sent after them to see if she could not bring them back before harm came to them.

Lalotte thought of finding her uncle first. But she saw Philip showing Henric the cap that he had thrown rocks at and had knocked down. Just then a number of people saw Philip and started to get him because of the mischief he had done several days before. He left Henric and ran, like the little chamois he was used to hunting in the mountains, and escaped.

Just at this moment William Tell had been stopped by the guards because he had not bowed down before the emblem. He said he did not know he had done anything unlawful.

He was informed that he had insulted the Emperor by passing the emblem without bowing. Henric ran to his father and clasped his knees about the time Gessler, the Governor, came out. It was decided that Tell be punished for his insolence. The guards were ordered to take the son, Henric, bind him to a tree, and place an apple on his head. The father was to exhibit his skill with

the bow by shooting an arrow through the apple. Such a cruel test! None but a mean ruler would ask a father to test his skill in that way. Were he to fail, he might hit his child and see him killed before his very eyes, and then he himself should be executed for murder.

The great crowd stood tense as Tell took his quiver from his back and selected two arrows. One he placed in his belt, the other he fitted to his bow and string as his lips moved in silent prayer for strength to shoot true. He shot—the apple fell in two pieces! The boy was un-hurt, and was untied and given to Lalotte, but Tell was taken prisoner and condemned to spend his life in a dungeon!

Gessler himself went on the boat that was to take William Tell to his doom. The boat was loosed and turned so it would cross the lake to the prison. No sooner were they well started on the journey than a terrible storm arose. The sailors were afraid. The pilot left his post. Gessler knew not what to do for he had no power over the storm, and so he was as frightened as the men. The one sailor said that William Tell was as good a pilot as he was an archer. He was ordered up from below and was unbound. Then he directed the boat's course. He steered the boat toward the land. He saw ahead a great flat rock. He ordered the oarsmen to redouble their efforts until this was passed. As they reached this rock William jumped onto it suddenly, and now that he was alone on the land, he soon disappeared. "By the grace of God, a deliverance was at hand."

He knew not whether the boat would be saved. He hid himself from sight near a trail that Gessler would have to pass if he were saved and returned to the castle. With his bow and arrow ready, he waited. The men appeared. As they came near he heard Gessler say that no time would be lost in getting rid of the whole "Tell tribe;" mother, babies, and all would be destroyed the same day.

With great care William lifted his bow, the arrow flew and did its work. Gessler's life was taken instead of the lives of William Tell's family. No man of the

group saw who had shot the arrow—but young Philip was near and saw. Philip brought news that the Riitli band was waiting for William Tell to be their leader. He also brought word that Henric and Lalotte had reached home safely.

After the outrages of Gessler were known throughout the whole country, the men banded themselves together and in time defeated the Emperor's forces. On January first, 1308, the independence of Switzerland was declared. They wanted William Tell to be their ruler, but he declined, preferring the peace and quiet of his own little family. However, he always liked best of all to be called the Deliverer of Switzerland.

Review

What do you know about Switzerland?

How did the tyrant Gessler treat the people of Uri?

How did William Tell support himself and his family?

For failing to bow down before the emblem of Austria, what was William Tell ordered to do?

What did Tell do before shooting the arrow?

What threat did Governor Gessler make concerning the Tell family?

What fate befell Gessler? (Recite: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.")

The Great Voices

A voice from the sea to the mountains,

From the mountains again to the sea;

A call from the deep to the fountains:

O spirit! be glad and be free!

A cry from the floods to the fountains,

And the torrents repeat the glad song

As they leap from the breast of the mountains:

O spirit! be free and be strong!

The pine forests thrill with emotion
Of praise as the spirit sweeps by;
With a voice like the murmur of ocean
To the soul of the listener they cry.

Oh, sing, human heart, like the fountains,
With joy reverential and free;
Contented and calm as the mountains,
And deep as the woods and the sea.
Charles Timothy Brooks (1813-1883).

LESSON 15

CLARA BARTON

“The Angel of the Battle Field”

1821—1912

What could make a lovelier Christmas gift for a family than a little baby girl? It seemed to the Barton family in 1821 that Santa Claus had really been most kind to them, for he left them the tiny girl baby whom they named Clara.

As a little girl Clara was brave and full of the life and energy nearly all girls possess. She rode horseback on ponies that were almost wild and did a lot of things like that which few girls have a chance to do these days. She went to the mixed school where all the children of her little town went to get what education they could. It was the ordinary one-room school where large as well as small children were taught.

When Clara was eleven years old her brother was severely hurt by a fall. Although he said “I am not badly hurt” he was quite mistaken. It was two years before he recovered from it. His lively little sister gave up her play, her school, in fact all her natural activities to care for him. She proved herself to be what is called a “natural born nurse.” And she no doubt was. For to the suffering brother she was an angel of mercy whose loving and tender hands could smooth his pillow and rub the pain from his aching head better than any one that was around. In all of the two years Clara had only one half day “off duty” to do as she pleased. Yet, through all of this ordeal she was ever sweet and kind, tender and loving.

After two years of living in the sick room when her brother no longer needed her as a nurse, she went back

to her school work again. Even in this she was as active as she was in her nursing, for Clara was the type of girl who made the most of every opportunity and tried to excel in anything she did. So at the age of sixteen she had prepared herself sufficiently to be offered a mixed school to teach.

That school was known as a very hard one to manage. More than one man teacher had tried to handle those large boys and had been forced to give it up as a bad job. Because the men had failed many feared that the tender young Miss Barton would soon leave because the "big boys" would make it so uncomfortable for her. But that did not happen. She ruled by love and kindness that was rewarded in like terms. She showed she trusted the big bullies and they dared not betray her trust. Her school teaching was always successful.

At one time Miss Barton, after going to school some more herself, felt so sorry for some children of a place called Bordentown, who were not able to go to school because their parents were poor and unable to pay for their schooling, that she started a free school. She was scoffed at for trying to educate the poor. People said, "If parents cannot pay for the schooling then the children should go without." Miss Barton did not feel so. When she opened her free school only six children came, but day after day more and more came until her room was overcrowded. Then she had to arrange for another room for she would not turn any children away.

The parents of these children were so pleased over its success that the next year they built a large building, large enough to care for five hundred, and the education was to be free to all. Then they put Miss Barton in charge of this building and provided a salary for her, for they thought it was not right for her to teach again for nothing.

After some years of teaching Miss Clara was so worn out and tired that she went to Washington, D. C., "where the mild winters and long sunshine soon gave her strength." After some rest in Washington she was given an important position in one of the large Govern-

ment offices. Although she had a very hard time at first she stayed on for several years and did very efficient work.

The Civil War came and plunged the whole country into a sad plight. Clara Barton was indeed anxious to do her part. When troops from her home State, Massachusetts, came to Washington after an encounter with a mob at Baltimore, she met them and arranged for the forty wounded soldiers to be taken care of at the infirmary. The rest of the regiment was quartered at the Capitol.

Miss Barton found plenty to do to take care of these men—to see that necessities were provided—for they came before things were in readiness at the Nation's Capitol. But with so capable a woman as Clara Barton looking after them, were not only fed, and given many useful things, but at their meal time she would read to them the things she felt would be of most interest to them, and she tried in every way to relieve them of their worries.

About this time the war began in real earnest. Many wounded soldiers were brought to Washington for care. Miss Clara helped to supply large quantities of first-aid materials and provisions for the wounded soldiers. Here she began her real work, and became for the first time the "Angel of the battle field."

Soldiers who are wounded need other things besides having their wounds dressed and cared for, and obtaining food, clothing, and shelter. One of the important things in a soldier's life is writing to the loved ones at home. Miss Barton helped them very much to do this. Then there were not only letters but packages that would be sent to the soldier as soon as his family heard where he was. In this work Miss Barton was almost overwhelmed, for sometimes she had on hand a large room full of just such surprises for the soldier boys. And they were surely needed. To get them delivered was a tremendous task but this "Angel of the battle field" was very efficient in getting this work done properly.

In caring for the wounded boys she soon learned

that their greatest need was to have care immediately after the accident, so she tried to get permission to follow the line of battle and recover the wounded sooner than had been done up to that time. But the idea of having a woman near the battle field seemed impossible to even consider at that time. For it was thought by the officers that a battle field was indeed no place for a woman.

She made great efforts to get permission to go, however, but time after time she was refused. Finally, because of her determination and her splendid service, she received permission to try it. That was all that was necessary. From then on no one ever questioned her right to go with the army. And such help as she rendered! Many lives were saved and many wounds cared for in time to prevent permanent disablement. A blessing to the suffering was this "Angel of the battle field."

At the close of a battle, one of the first at which she had been present, darkness came on before the wounded were removed from the battle field. All unprepared for such an emergency were the men in charge—the wounded must lie out all night for there was only one candle available. Doctors and surgeons would have to wait until the morning to get at the wounded. But Miss Barton had things ready, not only plenty of candles but also lanterns. She was prepared for just such an emergency.

Any help she was able to give was given to the fallen soldier regardless of the side for which he fought. Either the Blue or the Gray could receive aid—no one in distress was denied help if she could give it.

All through the war she helped; then when the war was over and there was no more need for her services to care for the wounded, she found other work that some one should do. Many of the home folks had had letters from her or had heard of her. They knew she could relieve their distress and so she received countless letters from families of missing soldiers. They would write to Miss Barton to see if she could give information about their missing loved ones. This was an important work

and needed careful attention. President Abraham Lincoln put her in charge of this work and ordered that all such letters should be turned over to her. This duty kept her busy for four years. A wonderful work she performed, too! Relatives were notified of the location of many a soldier's burial place that would otherwise have been unknown had this splendid service not been performed.

After this work was completed, Miss Barton was in sore need of rest. She went to Europe. She thought a nice long rest among the Alps mountains would restore her health. Not long after her arrival in Switzerland she was visited by men holding very important positions. They told her that they belonged to the "Society of the Red Cross." Miss Barton had never heard of such a society; but these gentleman explained that their society did in an organized way just what she had been doing herself in our Civil War. The United States had been twice asked to join this society but the invitation had been refused. However she decided that she must learn all she possibly could about this very wonderful organization, for it was exactly what was needed to benefit humanity in any great disaster.

After a fairly good rest among the mountains Miss Barton found herself in the midst of another great war. This time it was between France and Germany. She was invited to join the Red Cross and go to the battle front. This she was happy to do, though she was really not in a fit condition physically to do it. It was interesting for her to see how well this society did things, and how very much better the wounded could be cared for under this organized group than they were under her care where she alone was responsible for every thing that was done. She fully decided that, were her life spared, she would do all in her power to get the United States into the Red Cross.

During the terrible conflict between France and Germany Miss Barton had some thrilling experiences. War is always a ghastly thing. Women and children were left homeless and starving in many cases; men were

wounded dreadfully; the whole country affected by the war was in a sad plight. All of these things and many more our dear "Angel of the battle field" helped as best she could. She was honored by numerous expressions of love and tenderness, and by gifts of various kinds that few women are ever given. When her part of the work was finished she sailed for home.

Her health was broken by the strain and stress of her work and it was years before she was well enough to go back to work. Then she tried to interest the United States in the Society of the Red Cross. But when she was at last strong enough to undertake this work and put this idea before the President of the United States it was rejected. Another President (President Garfield) promised to help but his sudden death came before anything along that line was accomplished. At last kind President Arthur accepted her idea and joined the Red Cross. It was proper for Clara Barton to be made the head of this new organization in our country. She knew more about the splendid work of this wonderful society than any one else here. So for twenty-two years she was its head, while the organization grew until it became a very powerful organization and did a great amount of good.

At various places all over the country terrible things happen at times. Great floods are reported, bridges washed out, homes washed away, or blown down, people left without food, clothing, or shelter; fires come, earthquakes cause disaster, one thing or another happens to cause distress even though there are no wars. In such cases of sorrow and pain the Red Cross Society comes as a ministering angel and relieves the distress.

This frail little woman, who was a hero on the battle field, who had helped so many suffering people, who had been kind to all classes of soldiers and did what she could for them whether white or black, whether on her side of the conflict or on that of the enemy, lived on until she attained the ripe old age of ninety-one. At her death people from every rank did her honor. She was beloved by all who knew her or knew of her noble

work. She was not only an "Angel of the battle field" herself but paved the way for others to follow in her foot steps, so that in every conflict it is possible for the wounded to be cared for by nurses almost as soon as they have fallen. Every battle field is therefore now able to have its "Angel of the battle field" through the efforts of the little woman who came as a Christmas baby to bless the home of the Barton family in 1821.

Review

How did Clara Barton show her love for her injured brother?

How did Miss Barton win the respect of the "big bullies" in the school?

What did Miss Barton do for the poor children of Bordentown?

What did Miss Barton do for the wounded soldiers?

What did Miss Barton succeed in getting the United States to do?

What is some of the work that is done by the Red Cross?

What may we learn from the life of Miss Barton?

Singing: "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam."

Better Than Gold

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles a hundred fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep;

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come,—
The shrine of love, the haven of life,
Hallowed by mother or sister or wife;
However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

Better than gold in affliction's hour
Is the balm of love with its soothing power;
Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows the sinking head.
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate sufferer needs not to be told
That trust in Heaven is better than gold.

Alexander Smart.

LESSON 16

WILLIAM PENN

1644—1718

Among the early pioneers of the American continent was William Penn, who accomplished things with the Indians that no other founder of an American Colony did.

Whenever we think of William Penn or of the origin of the word Pennsylvania we think of the settlement of the Society of Friends, or the Quakers as they were called. They were the people who came to America to live in peace and love in accordance with their ideals. They did not believe in conflicts between individuals or between factions or nations. Because they did not believe in war and would not become soldiers, many of them were ridiculed and generally made to feel most uncomfortable; often it was not only their feelings that were hurt, for some of them were persecuted severely. When living in England it was difficult for these gentle, kind folks to have the peace of body and mind that they considered was their great aim in life.

When the Puritans came to the new land for religious liberty the Quakers began to be interested in a place where they might go and worship God in their own way and live their lives as they desired. It was in 1681 that William Penn got from King Charles II of England a large tract of land located in what is now the eastern part of Pennsylvania. This land William Penn offered for sale, and sold it mostly to other members of the Society of Friends, through a company he formed. The people who bought it paid ten cents an acre for it. Although it sold for so little then it would be impossible to buy much of it in these days for ten cents a square foot. This money was paid to King Charles II for the land, though in his heart William Penn felt that the king had no right whatever to sell it, because he felt that the land belonged to the Indians. He told the king how he

felt, but he did it in a very friendly way and said he expected to pay the Indians for it. This was a great surprise to Charles II who felt that Penn himself should not go out among the wild strange people of America, and he was afraid Penn would surely be killed.

Although the first colony was sent over in 1681 it was the next year before Penn himself came over. He left his native land for America with a band of one hundred. It took them two months to make the trip. An unfortunate occurrence happened on the way: Small-pox broke out among the people on the ship and about thirty out of the group died from that dread disease. William Penn played the noble part of a hero to those people by serving them, nursing them, and doing all manner of things for the sick on board his vessel.

No other colony was founded in quite the same way as was this colony of the Quakers. This colony permitted absolute religious liberty, and it handled the Indians in an entirely different manner from any of the other colonies. Soon after Governor Penn arrived he called a meeting of all the chiefs and leaders of the Indians of that region. At this meeting he offered them a very famous treaty.

The day of this important meeting was in the autumn, late in November, but it was an ideal day for such a gathering. It took place under the spreading branches of a mighty tree. That tree, which was thereby made famous, was about 24 feet in circumference and 283 years old when it was blown down in 1910. There stands now on the spot where it grew a monument that commemorates the founding of Pennsylvania.

Unarmed, the Quaker leaders came to the council meeting where the plans were laid before these uncivilized Indian chieftains and their people. Penn told them that the Quakers wanted to live in peace and in friendship with their new neighbors. He explained to them that he and his people never used harsh means in dealing with others, that they were eager to be fair with them in all their associations, and that it was hoped that brotherhood and love would hold sway between the two peoples. That attitude was the

same which Brigham Young and the Mormon Pioneers tried to put into effect toward the Indians, but the Indians were in many cases too hostile to allow friendly relations to develop.

That meeting between Penn and the Indians must have been a most interesting gathering—the Indians in all the splendor of their barbaric war decorations, the whites with the severe simplicity of dress that has always characterized the members of the Society of Friends. A treaty was made. The amount of land that William Penn and his colony were to receive was indicated as follows: "They were to receive all the land bounding on the great river (The Delaware), from Duck Creek to what is now Bristol, and from the river toward the setting sun as far as a man could ride in two days on a horse." For this land Governor Penn paid ten thousand dollars to the Indians and received a receipt for the payment of that amount.

This agreement between the Indians and the Quakers lasted for many years. In fact, as long as the splendid principles of those people ruled the country this treaty was never broken. William Penn stands out as a very wonderful colonizer, who was kind and generous and able to handle the Indians as no other early governor of a colony was able to do.

Review

Who was William Penn?

What do you know concerning the Society of Friends or "Quakers" as they are called?

In coming to this country, where did William Penn and his followers settle?

How did Governor Penn gain the good will and confidence of the red man?

What counsel did President Brigham Young give to his people concerning the Indians.

What promises has the Lord made to the Indians, or Lamanites as they are known to us? (See Book of Mormon.)

Singing: "Let us treat each other kindly."

Be True

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldest teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldest reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

LESSON 17

JULIA WARD HOWE

1819—1910

Many of us may look at the name of Julia Ward Howe and wonder what she did to deserve being called a "heroine of service and right." The chief thing she did was to write poems, though only one of her poems has become well known and popular, and that one is 'The Battle-Hymn of the Republic.' When we think of the song, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," we may wonder what kind of a woman it was who wrote that stirring hymn; and we may also wonder what it is about that song that makes it so thrilling.

Julia's father, Mr. Samuel Ward, was a banker of New York City. He must have been a very prominent and successful banker as he became very wealthy. When little Julia was only five years old, her mother died and left the busy father to be mother as well as father to his family. He seems to have made quite a success of it, at least so far as little Julia was concerned, for she became a very splendid home maker, mother and friend.

Young Julia had one sore trial in her childhood; this she felt was indeed a very heavy cross to bear—her hair was red. Of course red hair is no trial in these days when almost everybody considers red hair a beautiful adornment. But when Julia Ward was a little girl it was not thought so lovely. However, her red hair seemed to indicate a very brilliant intellect, for Julia was extremely bright. Her generous father gave his children the best advantages he could in those days when a real education was considered only for boys. How fortunate Julia and her sister were, therefore, to have their school work right along with their brothers. They received excellent training comparable to that given by the biggest and best universities of the country.

Not only was their education of the best but these Ward children lived in one of New York's Fifth Avenue homes, which was really a mansion. To this fine home came many

of the country's greatest people. When children and young people are given opportunities to meet and talk with really big men and women, as Samuel Ward's children were, they learn to talk, and also learn to listen, which in itself is a great part of education. Their lives were broad, they learned many languages, and they read extensively. When almost any topic or subject was spoken of Julia knew enough about it to converse intelligently upon that theme. She also took keen delight in writing poetry.

As she grew to young womanhood, she was a very charming and popular girl. Her education in music had not been neglected. She was almost prevailed upon at one time to give up everything else and devote her time entirely to music. But she did not do this.

When she was about sixteen years old her kind and loving father passed away. With the other members of the family she went to live with her father's brother who was very anxious to fill the father's place suitably. Soon after this Julia began to make occasional trips to Boston. Here she had a very rich, full life meeting the great men and women of her time. Imagine a young girl like this meeting and knowing such a man as Ralph Waldo Emerson! What a fine opportunity that was for her!

There was a man in Boston who was extremely popular at that time, a man who had done a marvelous thing, he had taught a deaf-blind girl to read, and to talk. This man was Dr. Samuel Howe. The deaf-blind girl was Laura Bridgman, who was taught by Dr. Howe long years before Helen Keller was born.

Dr. Howe was greatly interested in the blind. He spent many years in their education. He was patient, loving, tender, and kind. Julia Ward found him to be so, too, and he was very soon enshrined in her heart and she in his and they were married.

For several years the Howe's traveled in Europe and then came back to the institution for the blind that Dr. Howe had charge of. Mrs. Howe was a great help to him in much of his work. However, she found it rather hard to settle down in this institution, which was a long way from the center of Boston. There were no automobiles or

street cars in those days, so that getting about was not an easy matter. But when three little daughters had finally come to bless their home, Mrs. Howe was kept very busy.

Sometimes the young mother wished that a part of the time she spent as a girl studying Latin and Spanish had been spent learning the mastery of housekeeping. But gradually she learned a good many things by hard experience and got along splendidly by and by. During this time she also kept working away at literary lines which she loved so much.

Dr. Howe made his home a sort of center for some of the leading literary people of Boston; by this means Mrs. Howe kept in close touch with those interested in writing and with what they were doing.

Mrs. Howe was always keenly religious. Her Bible was her constant companion. She read it whenever perplexities arose to trouble her.

During the early years of her married life she did not write as many poems as she did later. In 1854 she published a book called "Passion Flowers" that was a very splendid collection of verses. Two years later when the question of slavery was uppermost as a great national topic she published a book of poems that fairly thrilled its readers with a desire to oppose slavery in this "land of the free." This book was called "Words of the Hour."

It was during the Civil War that she wrote the words to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." She went to Washington after visiting one of the great camps nearby. Colonel Green was in command of the regiment. He had asked her to say something to the soldiers; by this time she was very well known as a writer, but she gave before that group of men the first public talk she ever made. After the talk she was invited to see a review of the soldiers, but word came of an unexpected move of the enemy, so the review was not held. As she rode, on her way back to Washington, with lines of soldiers on each side, she raised her lovely voice and sang "John Brown's Body," which was a favorite song at that time. The soldiers were delighted and shouted "Good for you."

It had been a great desire of Mrs. Howe's to write

some words of her own to that splendid tune, but she had never done so. That very night, stirred deeply by what she had seen that day of soldier life, knowing the sorrow war was causing the whole nation, she could not sleep. After hours of restlessness there came to her the words of that most thrilling poem, which will live as long as our splendid country lives—"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

This new song to the favorite tune of that time (John Brown) became popular immediately. It was an inspiring message to the men who were serving their country in active warfare. It was first published in the Atlantic Monthly. People were almost too busy at that time to pay much attention to poetry, but some literary people and the men in the battle front appreciated its worth at once. The story is told that a chaplain, who was a prisoner, sang it from memory one night in Libby Prison when the news of the important Gettysburg victory was received. The prisoners were thrilled and delighted! The old prison walls rang with voices of the prisoners as they all joined in the chorus. Some time later this chaplain told this story before an audience in Washington in which Abraham Lincoln was present, and the President was moved to tears on hearing it and asked that the chaplain sing the song, which he did.

So Julia Ward Howe achieved fame through this song and her other poems. Her friends were happy that her beautiful life had been rewarded in this pleasing way and that she produced a song that will live on and on.

She lived to be 91 years old. She had spent much of her life in public work, for she felt that women had other important work to do besides caring devotedly for their families. Among other things, she, with a group of other women, organized the New England Women's club. Mrs. Howe also helped carry on a great "Peace Crusade" believing that if women would unite to eliminate war much could be done for the cause of peace.

Review

When Julia Ward was five years of age, what great sorrow came into her life?

In what ways did Julia assist her father?

What do you know concerning Dr. Samuel Howe whom Miss Ward married?

In what way did Mrs. Howe help to put down slavery in this country?

For what splendid piece of work will Mrs. Howe be always lovingly remembered?

What can we do to show our love for our country?

Singing: "America."

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps.

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call re-
treat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-
seat:

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make me holy let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910)

LESSON 18

SIMON, CALLED PETER

Many heroic characters appeared to view at the time of Christ. Men there were who were just ordinary men of the times but who, under the circumstances that befell them, developed into real heroes of truth and right. Because of the presence in the world of the Son of God, who was indeed the greatest hero of all, the lives of the other men of that time were somewhat overshadowed. Yet at times, the completest heroism of Jesus was not fully appreciated until after He had made the supreme sacrifice; and as a matter of fact it is not fully appreciated even now.

When Jesus began His ministry He selected men as His disciples, who would stay by Him, learn the things He had to teach, and be prepared to carry on the work after He had left the world. After His temptations by Satan, Jesus went and dwelt in Capernaum, which is a city by the sea. One day as He was walking along the seashore He saw two fishermen who were casting their nets into the water. These men were brothers; one was Simon, called Peter, the other was Andrew. Calling these men to Him and no doubt preaching to them as He had been preaching to others, He told them to leave their nets, to follow Him, and He would make them fishers of men. "They straightway left their nets and followed Him." The call must have been remarkably plain; they seem not to have hesitated in the slightest degree. They followed Him.

Simon, called Peter, was the first apostle chosen by Christ; then Andrew and ten others were selected. These twelve apostles were instructed to go out to the flock of Israel, to preach the gospel and to tell the people that the kingdom of heaven was at hand; they were given authority to heal the sick, to cast out devils, and to raise the dead. Without purse or scrip were they to travel, not even to take extra coats or shoes.

At times Peter was indeed full of courage, but some-

times this courage would fail him as is the case with most people. After Christ fed the five thousand, the people stayed around, they wanted to hear and see more ; they seemed not to have been satisfied. Jesus and his disciples go by boat across the sea, saying He would come to them. After the multitude had been dispersed, and Jesus was ready to go to His disciples, and the ship they were in was in the middle of the sea, He walked upon the water ! The disciples, seeing such a marvelous sight, were afraid, then amazed. Peter, filled with courage, asked Jesus to let him go upon the water to meet Him. With firm faith he started out, but no doubt the new experience of walking on the waves filled him with terror, and he began to sink as his faith weakened ; the Master had to stretch forth His hand to save him, who as yet had not quite enough faith to do what the Master did.

At one time when Jesus was discussing things with His disciples He asked them whom the people thought He was. Some said He was John, some said He was one of the prophets that had risen, and so forth. Then turning to Peter, He said, "Whom say ye that I am ?" Simon Peter answered, and said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." Said Jesus, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona ; for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter (meaning a stone) and upon this rock I will build my church." The Latter-day Saints interpret "the rock" to mean the rock of revelation, and we believe our Church is built upon that rock.

Peter was one of the three who went with Jesus to a high mountain and there beheld Christ transfigured, saw His face shine as the sun, and His clothing white and pure as an intense light. He also beheld Moses on the one side and Elias on the other ; he with the others heard the voice come from a bright cloud and say, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased ; hear ye Him." A wonderful experience this was for mortal man to hear the voice of God.

Again Peter was chosen one of three who were asked to go with Christ to the Garden of Gethsemane. Christ bade the three to stop awhile and watch, while He went apart and prayed. Not feeling the intensity of the time as Jesus did, and being tired after days of anxiety and worry, His disciples slept, while another of their number, Judas, betrayed the

Christ, for thirty pieces of silver; worldly goods meant far more to him than the Kingdom Jesus had offered.

Jesus had told Peter that he would deny the Christ three times before the cock crows twice. Peter would not believe it could be true, but so it came to pass: During the trial of the Master, a maid of the high priest asked Peter if he did not know Jesus of Nazareth; he denied that he did. Immediately Peter walked out onto the porch and the cock crew. Again, and yet again this maid asked him if he were not one from Nazareth himself; both times he did deny it. The cock crew the second time. Peter remembered the words of Christ and wept for sorrow and for shame.

Peter's weakness seemed to show up greatly up to this time, but after the crucifixion he had dauntless courage. After Mary Magdalene had found the sepulchre empty where Jesus had been placed, she told Simon Peter and John that He had been taken away; Peter it was who went first into the sepulchre and saw His linen clothes, but not the body of Him who had been placed there.

Peter was with the disciples when Jesus showed Himself three times unto them after His resurrection. Then Peter began his preaching, pleading with the people to repent of their sins, to seek the kingdom of heaven. At one time when Peter and John entered the temple to pray, a lame man, who had been lame from birth, begged alms of them as he did of all who entered there. Peter said he had no silver, he had no gold, but of what he had he would freely give. Said he, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." This the man did, as Peter took him by the hand and helped him to his feet. He was healed. The amazement was almost a shock to those who knew what had happened. Especially the men of authority, the Sanhedrin, were excited. But Peter and John preached on and converted many. The men in power insisted that these disciples of Jesus do not mention the name of Jesus any more. This they could not promise to do, so they were imprisoned. It was a source of great worry to the Sanhedrin when they saw that John and Peter, even though unlearned, yet boldly stood forth and preached the doctrines Christ had taught. Because these

leaders could find nothing against the disciples they were allowed to go free.

Peter and Paul were at one time cast into prison for their preaching and teaching. An angel of the Lord opened the prison gates and the next day they were again in the temple court preaching. Courage and joy filled the hearts of these disciples of Christ, and they taught as only men of God can teach who are filled with the Spirit of God.

A third time these apostles were arrested and brought before the Sanhedrin in the very court where the Savior had been tried. They talked to these learned men about the mission of Christ. One learned doctor had the prisoners taken from the court and then explained that it would be no time at all until their doctrines would wither and die, that always when false prophets come up, their creed did not live long; he also stated that if the doctrines were divine, men would have no power over them. This learned doctor was listened to. The disciples of Jesus were brought before them again and were beaten and commanded not to use the name of Jesus again. In spite of all these hardships John and Peter rejoiced, for they were happy to have the privilege of suffering for the cause of their Lord and Master.

Review

What office did Peter hold in the Church?

What was Peter doing when the Lord called him?

What did the Lord mean when He said He would make Peter and his brother, Andrew, "fishers of men?"

In what way did Peter show his faith in Jesus?

What power did Jesus give His apostles?

What great miracle did Peter perform on his way to the temple in Jerusalem? (Relate a case of healing, and lead members of the class to tell of cases of healing they may know of.)

Once to Every Man and Nation

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil
side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the
bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt the darkness and the light.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

For humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling faggots burn,
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's urn.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast with Truth;
Lo, before us gleam the camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea.
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

—James Russell Lowell.

LESSON 19

JACOB RIIS

1849-1914

In the quaint old country of Denmark more than 70 years ago, a boy was born who, during his life, has played a vital part in the history of the poor people of our own country and especially of New York. Jacob Riis was his name. The village where he was born was protected from the sea by dikes, and had a lot of quaint old houses with tile roofs, and streets that were lighted by whale-oil lanterns. Each summer long-legged storks went there to build their nests and raise their families of little storks. When people went traveling in those days they went in stage coaches. Steam boats and steam trains were unknown. To make a light they used tinder boxes, and if they wanted to write a letter they used quill pens. All the people were neighbors. There were no very rich people and only a very few that were extremely poor.

Not far from where Jacob lived there was an old castle that had stood for hundreds of years. This castle was deserted except for rats, mice, dirt, disease, and a few people who lived in its filth. One Christmas Jacob's father gave him a new piece of silver money. It was worth about 25c in our money, and it was the most money the lad had ever had. He went immediately to the old castle and gave it to the father of the poor dirty children and said, "Here I'll divide my Christmas money with you if you will just try and clean things up a bit, especially the children and give them a chance to live like folks."

So at the age of 12 years, when this event happened, there began the adventures of his real life. It was a fitting time for this beginning, for to him Christmas meant the happiest time of all the year, a time when there were no strangers. Even for the little brown sparrows he would put out a sheaf of rye that they might feel that they were not strangers either.

If Christmas was the happiest time, autumn was the most exciting time of year, for great storms of rain and wind came up that sent the ocean waves over the dikes and flooded the roads, the meadows, and all the land for miles around. The wind would swing the bell in the church tower and make it ring almost as though the ghosts of the storm were making it ring. At such a time as this, Jacob went out one night to help rescue a stage coach from the storm. The wind was so strong he could hardly keep his footing, he was in water to his waist, and the spray was splashing in his face. But at last he reached the horses and helped guide them to the lights of the town. The chief officer of the town patted him on the head and said, "Strong boy, be a man yet." That night when he was having a hard time to get warm, after being so completely soaked with the cold water, those words glowed in his heart with as much warmth as though he had been made a knight.

Jacob's father was master of the town school. He was greatly disappointed when Jacob wanted to give up school work and become a carpenter. But his father sent him to Copenhagen to learn carpentry under one of the best carpenters of the country. He had an interesting experience soon after reaching that city, the nation's capital. He went to an art exhibit to meet his brother. As he entered the building, a tall handsome man noticed he was a stranger and offered to be his guide. Jacob told the gentleman that it was splendid to find the people of Copenhagen as good neighbors as those of his own home town. As they went through a door a man in livery bowed very low. Jacob remarked, "There is another example, sir. Would you believe it, I have never seen that fellow before in my life. Jolly good Danes, everywhere, just like yourself, sir." The gentleman showed Jacob the door through which he would go to find his brother. As he and his brother were talking, that same gentleman passed by. The brother instantly jumped to his feet and bowed low; Jacob told him that was his kind friend. "Good gracious," said the brother, "You don't mean that he was your guide? Why, boy, that is the king!"

Among other notable persons, Jacob had the opportunity, while he was in Copenhagen, of seeing Hans Christian An-

dersen, the famous author of fairy tales and the friend of all children.

The princess of Jacob's life was a lovely young girl with fair golden curls. She was his playmate at the age of 12; and though this fair Elizabeth was the daughter of the only man of the town who owned a factory and was perhaps the town's wealthiest man, still Jacob felt that some day she would surely be his wife.

After finishing his apprenticeship at carpentry he returned to his home to build a house for Elizabeth. But the chances were not very bright that the pretty Elizabeth would cast her lot with a carpenter! And though he had worked hard for long years, and loved her dearly, it seemed that he was not to be rewarded. So he decided to lay aside his tools and go to the New World to seek his fortune; then he would go back to his home town for Elizabeth.

The New World was very different from his native land. Jacob felt that he was indeed alone, without even any neighbors. This surely was different from his home country where even the king had befriended him.

He tried his hand at various things. He worked with gangs at the mines, but did not like the work. So he built houses for the miners. After some time, in 1870, Germany and France went to war. He felt he should go help his country fight for France. So off he went to New York to offer his life. He was greatly surprised to find that no one was interested in his giving his life for that cause. He tried to find work. None was to be found. After a time he pawned his treasured possessions, and even his clothes to pay for food and lodging. He was too proud to present himself to friends of his family and ask for help. Night after night a restaurant cook passed to him a plate of meat and rolls from a basement window. With almost an army of others, he learned what it is like to sleep in the park, or in an empty wagon, or even on a slab in the cemetery.

Finally Jacob's chance came. He applied for a position to a news association that had advertised for a reporter. His trial report was of a political banquet. Imagine sending a starving man to report a banquet! But it was his golden opportunity! He made good and secured the posi-

tion. The editor told him to report every morning at 10 o'clock. That was certainly good news for him.

During his days of unemployment and hunger Jacob had learned some of the shadows and sorrows and tragedies of the great city. He knew the alleys, the narrow courts, and nearly all of the slums of New York. So when he was sent to write a story he knew where to go. His life of poverty meant rich experience for him for this work he was now given. He knew words, and he was able to make the bare facts present themselves as real living things. He worked diligently and with enthusiasm.

After he was fairly well established, word came to him from his native town that his fair princess Elizabeth (princess to him only) had changed her mind, and now considered that Jacob was her true prince. He had not won a fortune, but she was willing to come to him and share his New York home.

His reporter's work took him often to the slums and it made him sad to see the poverty, the misery and the unhappiness there. His whole being rebelled against it. He felt that something should be done. The only way was to put the facts before the people outside the slums. It was unfair to have "the poor, the weak, the wicked, the old, the sick, and the innocent little helpless babies herded together in damp, dingy rooms with no sunshine." He wrote accounts of those conditions. To many, his stories meant nothing. He took pictures and gave illustrated talks in churches. Later he published these things in books entitled "How the Other Half Lives," and "These are Your Neighbors." He brought out this point: No one can live to himself or die to himself. That ideal contained in these lines:

If you will not grub for your neighbor's weeds
In your own green garden you'll find the seeds."

Through his efforts some of the worst parts of the slums were cleaned up. One of the worst spots was bought by the city and made into a park. When President Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States he had Jacob Riis go to Washington to study the living conditions in parts of the Nation's Capital. Three blocks from the Capital building he found people living in close quarters, and very badly crowded together. Such conditions were remedied,

and the congested areas improved, in some cases, by being made into public parks.

Early in his life, Jacob Riis learned the value of facts. Whenever he felt it necessary to have them, he went right to the bottom and dug them out. At one time there was a cholera scare in New York. The Health Department analyzed the water from the Croton River and made the report that there was "a trace of nitrates in the water." So Jacob began to study the matter. He first found out what the "trace of nitrates" really meant, then went up the river to find where the nitrates could have come from. He found sanitary conditions along the river were very bad. Through his efforts a strip of land on each side of the river was bought in order to keep the water as pure and clean as possible, and protect the users of that water in New York.

Another bit of work he did was to clean up police lodging houses in New York City. Theodore Roosevelt was at the time Police Commissioner of New York. Parks and playgrounds were created in various parts of the city to give the children a chance. For, as Jacob Riis said, "Of the city toughs, nine out of every ten are cases of normal impulse, smothered by slums. Better opportunities might make heroes of them."

Many honors came to him for his wonderful work. He was known as "Boss Reporter," his books had nation-wide fame; the king of Denmark sent him the Crusader's Cross, the greatest honor his native land can bestow. President Roosevelt called him the "most useful citizen" of his day. But best of all was the real affection his neighbors bestowed upon him.

Review

What do you think of Jacob Riis' way of spending the money his father gave him at Christmas time?

For what purpose did Jacob give the father of the children the money?

What do you think of the King of Denmark's acting as guide to young Riis?

What were some of Jacob Riis' early experiences in this country?

Of what benefit were these experiences in this country?
Of what benefit were these experiences to him later?
What great work did Jacob Riis accomplish?

What can boys and girls do in order to make home life
happy?

To-day

So here hath been dawning
Another blue Day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new Day is born;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did:
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue Day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?
Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881).

LESSON 20

JOAN OF ARC 1412—1431

History tells of only a very few women who have been soldiers. Perhaps Joan of Arc is the one we hear most about and know the best. She was indeed a heroine! She had a work to do that she did, and well. Then, for doing it, she gave her life.

Joan of Arc known as the Maid of Orleans, was a simple French girl born of peasant parents in the French village of Domremy. Not far from this village was a huge beech tree, standing all alone, a very lovely tree. Many legends were told of this beautiful tree and the villagers enjoyed its wonderful shade for generations. Here Joan used to come with other children to enjoy a song and a dance, and stories about the fairies who used to come there also.

Joan had a splendid home life, with a mother who taught her all the womanly arts of her day. It was an unusual thing for a young girl of her time and station to have no outdoor work to do. But her work was all within the house. She was always a religious girl and a very good girl, who helped a great deal to care for the sick and she often gave money paid her for her services, to the poor.

At one time France had a queen who was untrue to the king, to her children, and to her country. Because of her the country was in a bad state. She was Isabeau of Bavaria wife of King Charles VI. An old soothsayer had said, "The kingdom lost by a woman was to be saved by a woman." Joan had heard of this saying, as had most of the people of France. Since France was under the rule or oppression of the English, caused by a woman, all eyes were looking about for a woman who would come and rescue the country was in a bad state. She was Isabelle of Bavaria,

the sorrow of her beloved France. She wept, she prayed, she thought and thought, until at about the age of thirteen she said she heard "voices" which told her to be a good girl and to go often to church. She was afraid at first, but she soon came to depend on these voices for guidance. They were her guide in all her actions. But she did not tell her family, not any of them. In fact, she told no one until the "voices" commanded her to "go into France." Then she went to visit her uncle who lived in another town. She told him of her plan to try to save France, but she said nothing about the "voices."

Of course she called to his mind the saying of the soothsayer that France was to be saved by a woman. At last she won his approval and he helped her a great deal to get started. In fact he took her to the governor to whom she made her appeal.

Now the King of France, at the time of Joan, had not been crowned in the customary fashion, and for that reason was called "The Dauphin" instead of the king. Joan's "voices" had told her that she was to save France and also to crown the king in a fitting manner. These were rather bold ideas for a girl of sixteen years to put before the big men of the country. But through every type of difficulty she waded until one after another of the great men were won by her simple, direct and earnest method of presenting the case. She answered all questions in a most convincing way. She was investigated for a time and men were sent to her native town to inquire into her life, her habits, and her family. During this time she was placed under the charge of a woman who looked after her as her mother would have done, had she been there.

At last, after convincing the men of authority that it would be best for France were she given an army and an opportunity to go against the English in some of their strongholds, she was provided with clothes of a soldier, a splendid horse, and a troop of men. Of course the soldier officers went along with the companies of soldiers. Riding at the head she went to the relief of the hard-pressed troops that were besieging Orleans to recover it for France.

The siege was a hard one but brave Joan knew from

her friendly "voices" that her side would be victorious. And it was! A wonderful triumph really! The French people in the city of Orleans heralded her as an angel deliverer. They almost worshiped her. They sought to look upon her to touch her garment. One thing many of them wanted to do was to touch a ring of theirs to a ring of hers and then carry that ring as a safeguard for the rest of their lives.

Orleans was not her only battle. Indeed she was busy for the greater part of a year. She was twice wounded, but not so very seriously. She seemed to know she would last only the one year, so she felt she must work fast and hard. Through her efforts the king was crowned and anointed just as Joan had hoped.

Although she had triumphs her pathway was a hard one. She lived at a time when witchcraft was thought to be at the bottom of everything that in any way seemed to be a miracle, or anything that was not just perfectly natural. She was always a prayerful girl and felt that the Lord was directing her to do His will; she knew that neither she nor all the armies of France could win back their country without the power of Heaven to direct them.

So many marvelous things happened as a result of her activity that the people said she was a witch and that she was being directed by the devil instead of by the Lord. So for three long months she was kept a prisoner while her trial was being conducted. Part of that time she was not only kept in an iron cage made for her, which was fully guarded, but she was also chained hand and foot. Later she was placed in a tower guarded by five English soldiers, three on the inside with her and the other two on the outside. This was indeed a great trial for so fine a young girl, but she had to endure it.

She was tried, condemned, and burned at the stake! What a terrible death that must be!

It was not long after her execution until the people of the city in which she was burned were really sorry for what had been done. Joan's mother was brought before a commission which investigated the whole of Joan's life.

as well as her death. They sent men to her home town to find out what they thought of her there. All who remembered her kindnesses, her goodness, her devotion—all had praise for her and none were against her. The commission declared the whole trial had been a great wrong. Her family and kindred should have no longer any shadow of disgrace for what had come to her. In fact the Catholic Church soon after made her a Saint and she came to be called Saint Joan, the Maid of Orleans.

Review

What have you learned concerning Joan of Arc's early life?

What prompted her to undertake to raise an army to free her country from English rule?

What was the result?

What was the fate of Joan of Arc?

What did her persecutors find out later?

(Recite: "Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friends."

Opportunity

Master of human destinies am I!

Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.

Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate

Deserts and seas remote, and passing by

Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late

I Knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, Wake—if feasting, rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate,

And they who follow me reach every state

Mortals desire, and conquer every foe

Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,

Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,

Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.

I answer not and I return no more!

John James Ingalls (1833-1900)

LESSON 21

JOHN BROWN 1820—1896

From the Southern States, in fact from Tennessee, came John Brown, a pioneer leader of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was the twelfth child in a family of fourteen children. This seems a very large family, but five of them died young and the older ones were all married, so by the time he was seventeen years of age he and his mother were left alone, his father having died when John was about twelve years old.

The Browns moved to Illinois before the death of the father, but when it was time for John to go to school he was sent back to Tennessee because they thought the schools were better there than in Illinois. He seems to have been a rather serious youth, with a mind inclined toward religion, for while he lived in the home of his uncle in Tennessee he was converted to the Baptist faith. He not only joined that church himself but he also interested his mother and other members of his family and they were likewise baptized. They had belonged to the Presbyterian Church before this.

Some of John's friends, and especially the ministers of the Baptist Church, were very anxious for him to prepare himself to become a minister of that faith. Although he was indeed eager for education he did not care to become a minister. At the age of twenty-one he accepted a school to teach, that he might get money enough to continue his schooling.

Even before this there had been a good deal of talk about a new creed whose missionaries had come into that region. The words "Mormon" and "Mormonism" were connected with these men. But John Brown

had no desire for any new strange doctrine. It so happened that John had a cousin who had been converted to that belief. This cousin made it a point to have some of the "Mormon" literature sent to the young school teacher. To this, however, he paid no attention.

Finally Elder George P. Dykes came to his town and began preaching this new doctrine. He received permission to preach in the school house where John taught school. There was a large field about the school house where many farmers were harvesting the crops. Elder Dykes would sometimes preach to the resting farmers during the noon hour. But the school teacher himself did not even want to hear those sermons. He tried to be indifferent to the Elder's message, but he could not. In spite of himself he had to listen, to study, and finally to believe. So it was not long until he himself joined the Church and became an enthusiastic preacher of "Mormonism."

His conversion, however, was a source of much trouble. His mother was greatly distressed, chagrined, and humiliated by it as were other members of his family. They said what the relatives of numerous converts to "Mormonism" have said: "We would far rather see you buried than a member of such a creed." But John Brown knew he was right.

People of the neighborhood arose one morning to find that John's school house was burned to the ground. That resulted from the antagonism aroused against him because of his conversion. Getting what money he could from the trustees of the school for his services up to that time, he made his way to Nauvoo, the headquarters of the Church.

At Nauvoo he met the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. They became very friendly. After attending a conference he went back to visit his mother and others of his family. They were surprised that he had not sickened of his new faith; but not he! He was ever after faithful to "the cause," and converted a hundred people in but a few months while he was on a mission traveling without purse or scrip in Kentucky, Ala-

bama, and Mississippi. Those who knew him well and opposed his religion said rather bitterly that he "was calculated to do more harm than any other 'Mormon' in this region." He was still on this mission when word came of the death of the Prophet and his brother Hyrum.

Did you ever hear of the "Whittling and Whistling Club?" This was a group of men who paroled the streets of Nauvoo for its safety at night when mobs were giving much trouble. John Brown was one of its members, and spent the evening hours whittling or whistling along the streets which meant to the people, "All is Well."

This convert and his wife, who also was a southerner, had just moved into a home he had built when the Saints had to leave Nauvoo. It was necessary for him and his wife to dispose of their property in Mississippi, so they went South.

It was in 1846 that he with twenty families under his care left Mississippi for the Salt Lake Valley. They heard nothing of the Nauvoo companies that were ahead of them. They took the Oregon trail but had no guide. Finally they came to Fort Laramie. John Renshaw was their pilot from there to Pueblo, Colorado. Because of Renshaw having an Indian wife, much trouble with the Indians was avoided. One young Indian wanted one of the white women for his wife; she was a married woman. He offered her husband five horses to pay for her. Because the white man would not make the trade there came nearly being a war between the Indians and the whites. But Renshaw smoothed it over. He told them that the whites were like the Indians, that they would not trade their wives to strangers. He said he had lived with the Indians five years before they would let him buy a squaw. That explanation satisfied the Indians.

When they reached Pueblo they learned of the people who had left Nauvoo. Mr. Brown, who was in charge of this company, helped the men build what houses they could under the circumstances to prepare them for their winter stay. He organized them into a branch of

the Church so they could carry on all the meetings and live as Latter-day Saints should when in a group like that. There were some members of the Mormon Battalion who had been left at Santa Fe, being unable to go on to California across the desert, who had to get their Government supplies from a place only about fifty miles from this colony. Upon learning of the colony of these people from Missouri they joined the branch at Pueblo for the winter.

After getting his colony ready for winter, John Brown and six others of his party returned to the Mississippi River for their families. On the way back they met the main body of the Mormon Battalion on their way to New Mexico.

Three weeks after reaching Nauvoo it was decided that the families of John Brown and his party had better remain behind another year. Starting West the second time, Brother Brown was at Winter Quarters appointed captain of the company designated the thirteenth ten, and he was also one of the group chosen to kill game as it was needed. The Mississippi company that had been left at Pueblo was picked up and taken on to the Salt Lake Valley, after their winter in their temporary home.

On July 19th, 1847, John Brown and Orson Pratt were the first of the pioneers to view the Valley of the Great Salt Lake; this they did from the top of Big Mountain. These two men were indeed favored. They were hale, hearty, husky pioneers, heroes of the first magnitude. John Brown was also with President Brigham Young when he entered the Valley on July 24. Each of these events was in itself a great honor of which any man could well be proud.

The heroic acts of Brother Brown did not end when that journey was over; in many ways they had just begun. For in about a month, this young stalwart started back once more to the Mississippi River where his family was located temporarily. It took him from the last of August until December to make the trip. The next year he brought his family with him, traveling in

Amasa Lyman's company. This time he did not reach the Valley until the middle of October.

Other activities of this worthy man were numerous; he was a captain in Parley P. Pratt's expedition that explored southern Utah; he was a director in an Emigration Fund Company, for which he made trips to conduct companies across the Plains. He also spent several terms in the legislature of the Territory of Utah. He fulfilled a mission to New Orleans, and also made a trip with President Young to Fort Lemhi on the Salmon River, after which he did his part in the "Echo Canyon War." He also filled a mission to Great Britain; after his return from Europe he was made Bishop of Pleasant Grove. For twenty-nine years John Brown was a bishop; then he had another mission to the Southern States; he was Mayor of Pleasant Grove for twenty years. One historian says these words of him which sum up the life and character of him who was in every sense a typical "Mormon" Pioneer: "His life was one of energy, industry, and fidelity to every trust." While his life was not as spectacular as that of many others it was nevertheless characterized by genuine deeds of heroism.

Review

Why did John Brown leave the Baptist Church and join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?

What do you know concerning John Brown's missionary labors?

What great privilege was granted to Brother Brown on July 14, 1847?

What did President Young say when he first beheld Salt Lake Valley?

How did he know that that was the place in which the Saints should settle at that time?

What responsible positions did John Brown occupy in Pleasant Grove?

What has a certain historian said concerning Brother Brown?

What may we learn from the life of this noble man?

The Miller of the Dee

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the River Dee;
He wrought and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,
"I envy no man, no, not I,
And no one envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three.
I owe no one I cannot pay,
I thank the River Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me!"

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while.
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou are England's boast,
Oh, miller of the Dee!"

Charles Mackay (1814-1889).

LESSON 22

ESTHER

486—465 B. C.

“Though God is hidden, He is still active”

Long, long, ago, centuries before the time of Christ, the Jewish people were somewhat in bondage to the people that formed a great empire under one king. This great empire was composed of a hundred and twenty provinces. The king who ruled over it was Ahasuerus. He lived in great luxury, for he was indeed one of the richest of kings.

At one time this king gave a feast that lasted seven days; it was a feast for all the people, both the great and the lowly. The queen, who was called Vashti had a feast for the women. At the end of the seven days the king sent for the queen to come before the court to display her marvelous beauty. Being modest and reserved she refused to go before the men of the court who had been drinking wine freely and were in no condition to behold a beautiful queen. This made the king angry and he determined never again to see the queen. So Queen Vashti was cast off and it was then the king's privilege to take unto himself another queen.

The plan was to have all the fair maidens of the country brought to the palace to be presented to the king. The one who pleased him most should be chosen as queen. Now it so happened that the king held captive a certain Jew, whose name was Mordecai, whose forefathers had also been taken captive long years before. Mordecai had taken an orphan daughter of his uncle to raise. Her name was Esther. Esther was marvelously beautiful. None would know from looking at her that she, too, was a Jew or Jewess. She was very young and very fair and was chosen from among many maidens to be queen in place of Vashti.

It happened, not long after Esther became queen, that Mordecai learned of two of the king's servants who were

planning to kill the king. Mordecai made known this wicked plot to Esther who told it to the king. The servants were thereupon hanged before they were able to carry out their plan, and a note was written about it in the book which told of all the doings of the king.

In the court of this wealthy king there was a man named Haman, who stood next to the king as his chief counselor. Now Haman loved power and position. He commanded that all within the king's gates should bow to him. But Mordecai, the Jew, would not do so. Haman was full of wrath at this for he wanted to be given great consideration. So he made a plan to destroy all the Jews and add their property to the king's storehouse to increase his wealth. In this way he would avenge himself on Mordecai. This wicked proposition was put to the king, who approved it and gave Haman a ring with a royal seal on it to show he had authority to execute what plans he wished. Word was sent throughout all the provinces that, on a certain day, all the Jews were to be killed, little children, women, old people, and all!

Mordecai clothed himself in sackcloth and ashes and went into the streets of the city crying aloud his sorrow, for this wicked decree was indeed a sorrow. Word was taken to Esther of Mordecai's condition. She sent him clothing and bade him come to her. He refused the clothing, and was not permitted to enter her presence dressed in sackcloth. So a messenger was sent to ask why he was doing so. Mordecai sent her word of the treachery of Haman and his wicked plan, and he requested her to present herself to the king and make an appeal for her people. He told her that possibly God had put her there to perform this mission for her countrymen. Esther answered him that she would go, though she had not been before the king for thirty days and it meant death for one to present himself before the great ruler without a request from him to do so unless he should show his consent by holding up his gold sceptre as the one approached.

Esther had sent word for her kinsman to gather together all the Jews: to have them fast and pray for her for three days, and she herself would do the same. At the end of the three days' fast, the queen gowned herself in her royal robes

and presentel herself at the king's court. He held his sceptre up, which meant she had found favor in his eyes. Then said the king:

"What wilt thou, Queen Esther, and what is thy request? It shall be given thee to the half of the kingdom."

The queen requested that the king and Haman should come to a banquet that very day that she had prepared for them. They did so, and again the king offered to grant to the queen any request she might make, even to half the kingdom. Again Esther invited the king and Haman to another banquet the next day. Haman was puffed up! As he passed out of the palace gates he saw Mordecai who did not bow to him. He told of this to his wife and friends who advised him to have a great gallows built that Mordecai might be hung upon it the next day. This was done.

That night the king was unable to sleep. So he had his chronicles brought in and read to him. When he heard the story again of how Mordecai had saved his life from the two servants who had plotted to kill him, the king requested to know what had been done to repay Mordecai. He found that nothing had been done. He needed to talk it over with someone. Haman being just without was brought in. The king asked: "What shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" Of course Haman was so engrossed with ideas about himself that he could think of no one else whom the king should honor. So Haman suggested that the king allow that man to dress in royal apparel, to be given the king's horse, and to have the royal crown set upon his head, and to have the king's most noble princes to accompany the man on horseback through the streets of the city.

So the king commanded Haman to do this for Mordecai! What a sore disappointment for Haman! But he did as he was bid, although with a heavy heart.

Then came the banquet, at which Haman was the only one invited except the king. The king then requested to know what the queen desired. Esther told how she and her people had been treated by the wicked Haman. When the king heard all, even about the gallows upon which Mordecai was to be hung, he commanded Haman to be hung on it instead of the Jew; and it was done.

Mordecai was made chief counselor in place of Haman. Haman's house and property were given to him and the evil decree that should destroy all the Jews was revoked.

And thus was Queen Esther able to save her kindred, the Jews.

Review

Why did Queen Vashti refuse to appear before the king's court?

How was she punished for her disobedience?

Who did the king choose for his wife in place of Vashti?

To what people did Esther belong?

What terrible decree did Haman issue concerning the Jewish people?

What did Queen Esther advise her people to do?

Besides fasting and praying, what did Queen Esther do to save her people?

What happened to Haman?

What lesson may we learn from this?

How Happy I'll Be

A little one played among the flowers,
In the blush and bloom of summer hours;

She twined the buds in garland fair,
And bound them up in her shining hair.

“Ah me!” said she, “how happy I’ll be
When ten years more have gone o'er me

And I am a maiden, with youth’s bright glow
Flushing my check and lighting my brow!”

A maiden mused in a pleasant room,
Where the air was filled with soft perfume;

Vases were near, of antique mold,
Beautiful pictures, rare and old,

And she of all the loveliness there,
Was by far the loveliest and most fair.

“Ah me!” sighed she, “how happy I’ll be
When my heart’s true love comes home to me!
Light of my life, my spirit’s pride,
I count the days till thou reach my side.”

A mother bent over a cradle nest,
Where she soothed her babe to his smiling rest.
"Sleep well," she murmured soft and low,
And she pressed her kisses on his brow;
"Oh child, sweet child! how happy I'll be
If the good God let thee stay with me
Till later on, in life's evening hour,
Thy strength shall be my strength and tower."

An aged one sat by the glowing hearth,
Almost ready to leave the earth;
Feeble and frail, the race she had run
Had borne her along to the setting sun.
"Ah me!" she sighed, in an undertone,
"How happy I'll be when life is done!
When the world fades out with its weary strife,
And I soar away to a better life!"

'Tis thus we journey from youth to age,
Longing to turn to another page,
Striving to hasten the years away,
Lighting our hearts with the future's ray;
Hoping on earth till its visions fade,
Wishing and waiting, through sun and shade;
Turning, when earth's last tie is riven,
To the beautiful rest that remains in heaven.

Anonymous.

LESSON 23

THE WRIGHT BROTHERS

1867—1912
1871

Perhaps some time in the future the airplane will be almost as common as the automobile is now. But in the days when your mothers and fathers were children the automobile was practically unknown or was indeed very scarce. Just as the auto has become a common means of transportation within less than a quarter of a century, so the airplane may become in another quarter of a century. Who knows?

For ages past man has dreamed about flying and wondered how it could be done, and of course balloons have been used for a long time. But it is less than half a century since the idea was born that a flying machine able to carry a heavy cargo might some day be invented and used.

During the last part of the nineteenth century men in various countries tried to invent machines that would fly through the air. There were some who had a little success. Machines called gliders were invented. As the name indicates this type of machine was made to glide through the air but could not be propelled or driven, except by the wind. Their main use was in being taken to the top of a hill or high elevation and then gliding through the air to the lower land with a passenger on board. But as for really flying—going up in the air and coming back, turning around and doing any stunts—such a thing was not considered possible.

However, a time came when one of the greatest miracles of invention was perfected in the lifetime of one generation. It was an invention which, until it was proved by actual test to work and work well, was declared an impossibility.

In a small town in Indiana in 1867 a baby boy who was later named Wilbur, was born in the home of a very religious man, a Mr. Wright, who was a Bishop in the Church of the

United Brethren. Four years later another son came to gladden the same home. This one was called Orville.

These two lads became the best of pals. Together they worked or played or went to school. Wilbur was serious, quiet, and very studious. Orville was active, lively, and impetuous. Very often they watched their mother make them some plaything, for she seemed to possess a good deal of mechanical skill. It was she who made them sleds, their little wagons, and other toys that more often the father of the family makes. So it may be that from her these two young boys received their instinct to build, to create, for they surely possessed such an instinct.

As happens with most lads, these youngsters went through the public schools. They were great readers. Their father was quite a collector of books, so these boys had the opportunity of reading a great deal. They were very much like other boys of this country who have a normal development. They tried to do many things and made a success of some of them. Their father never ceased to impress them with the fact that "work worth doing is worth doing well." This seems to have been a guiding motto of the boys' lives, and no doubt had a great effect upon their later work.

While they were yet young, their father made a trip to New York, and, as fathers nearly always do, he brought home a toy for them; it was a little flying machine that had been made in France. Perhaps no toy they ever had gave them greater joy. They studied it. They watched every move it made. They compared it with the flying of the birds. In a small way they began to wonder if larger flying machines might not be made. This may have been the beginning of the wonderful work that came later.

These boys were able to do many things. If they needed a tool to work with they made it. Before they were twenty years old they made a printing press and published a little newspaper. This little printing press did such good work that several printers of their city came to see it. They made themselves a bicycle for two which was quite an interesting sight to see as they rode through town together. So the boys had had a good deal of experience in making

things when they later tried to invent a flying machine. They knew mechanics very well.

They thought, they dreamed, they worked for a long, long time over this idea of a flying machine. They read everything they could put their hands on that had reference to what others were doing along this line. They studied and then worked out plans of their own and found that what were supposed to be facts, and then had been laid down as laws of the air, were not really true. And so years passed. They grew to be men and still they kept on trying to do what most people thought was so impossible. But they felt that if really could be done sometime, though it might take a thousand years. They had some little successes and many failures. But they never gave up hope! They believed it could be done and if it could be, why shouldn't they do it!

Although this was a long hard pull for them, and very expensive, they stayed with it and worked, worked, worked. Long patient work often brings wonderful results. They tested, they plodded, they met failure and success, but no matter what came they still kept on at their task.

Very often when an invention of great importance is being made, the public is kept informed about its results. Little was said in the newspapers, however, about the work of Wilbur and Orville Wright. So it happened when they tried their machines there were very few people present to see the test. One of the first successes they had was when, with a gasoline engine and a man on board, the machine stayed twelve seconds in the air and came down without harm. Later one of them with this same machine was in the air 59 seconds and flew 852 feet. This was a great event, but sorrow followed, for the same day a strong wind destroyed this very machine. But they knew now that a machine could really fly!

With the next machine they made they traveled 24 miles in the air. Even though they had made such a trip, many people would not believe it and insisted that this was only a newspaper story. This flight was made in 1904. But in 1908 Orville Wright convinced the world that it could be done! At Fort Myer, Virginia, which is near Washington, D. C., he flew about for half an hour or more. When newspaper men in Washington phoned over to see if Mr. Wright

was going to try flying that day, the reply was, "Mr. Wright is in the air now and has been for more than half an hour!"

The news flashed all over the country and across the ocean! The impossible had happened! The quiet work of the Wright Brothers was now being heralded abroad—they had made flying possible!

Although a successful flying machine had at last been built, it was by no means perfected and many accidents happened, and many lives were lost because of faulty construction in the machines. But still these Wright Brothers worked on and on. They worked in France as well as in the United States. The time came when one of these miracle machines stayed in the air and flew about at the will of the pilot for two or three hours. Great honors were heaped upon the heads of the men who created this marvelous machine, but not once did they get the "big head," as people say of those who get conceited. The two Wright Brothers were the same "home folks" they had always been even though they were now world-famous. They were, however, very happy over their success.

On and on these bird men worked. They made other machines and sold them; they sold their wonderful machines to various countries. One big bit of work they did was to open schools where they could teach flying to others. So this busy life of theirs did not cease when they finally invented the wonder machine. They still worked and worked and worked.

A great sorrow came in 1912 when the older of the two, Mr. Wilbur Wright, died as a result of typhoid fever. This was indeed a great blow to his family but most of all to his brother-pal, Orville.

Review

What are the names of the two Wright brothers?

What do you know concerning their mother?

What did their father impress upon their minds?

How did the boys get the idea of a flying machine?

What do you admire in the Wright brothers?

Of what benefit is the flying machine to the world?
Singing: "I have work enough to do."

Recompense

The gifts that to our breasts we fold
Are brightened by our losses.
The sweetest joys a heart can hold
Grow up between its crosses.
And on life's pathway many a mile
Is made more glad and cheery,
Because, for just a little while,
The way seemed dark and dreary.
Nixon Waterman (1859)

LESSON 24

JANE ADDAMS

1860

During the Civil War there was born, in very comfortable circumstances, a little child that was to do great things for some of the very poor people of Chicago. This little girl, Jane Addams, had a great sorrow throughout her childhood. She was unable to hold her head straight up, and she had to hold it on one side, and she grieved a great deal because of it. Although it seemed such a sadness to her, she finally got over that feeling because she began to think of others far more than of herself, and then this affliction seemed less important. One's sorrows tend to disappear as one thinks less and less of them and more of how one can help other people in trouble.

One Sunday morning when Jane was a little girl she had a very beautiful new coat to wear to Sunday School. Her father told her he thought she had better wear her old coat which was warm enough, because some of the children might feel badly if they saw her with such a beautiful one so much nicer than theirs. Jane put on her old coat, but was very sober, as she walked along by her large, handsome father. So she said: "Well, Father, there are sure to be some there with prettier clothes than others."

"Yes," said her father, "that is true; but they can be equal in learning and goodness. It is very stupid for them to keep on wearing such clothes which keep them from being on good friendly terms."

This incident was later remembered many times by Jane as she devoted so much time and thought and money to the poor of the great city of Chicago.

Jane and her step-brother were real playmates in their childhood. They did a lot of things that nearly all boys and girls do when they are growing up—they played around

their father's saw mill and flour mill which were just across the road from their home. They loved to ride the logs on their way to the saw and jump off just before they reached the buzzing teeth that would have cut them as well as the log had they not jumped off.

These children were taught to pray as nearly all children are. They, of course, prayed in English, but they became possessed of a strong desire to pray in Latin. Though they knew nothing about that language they searched until they found the Lord's Prayer in Latin in an old book. They learned it as best they could and then felt the satisfaction of being able to say it in two languages.

Jane one time told a lie! She knew it was wrong, but she did it. That night she could not go to sleep. She thought and thought about what she had said. She felt that she must tell her father. But his bedroom was a long way from hers. However, after terrible agony, she finally reached her father's bed. She told him all about it. After she had finished telling him, he said:

"If I have a little girl who will tell lies, I am very glad she feels so bad that she cannot go to sleep afterward."

She was only three and a half years old when she and all the rest of the world heard the sad news of the death of Abraham Lincoln. But she remembered always after that the tears she saw in her father's eyes when she asked what the matter was and he said: "The greatest man in the world has just died." Her father wept at the loss of this great American, for they had been good friends. Jane's father had a few letters from President Lincoln in which he had addressed Mr. Addams jokingly as "My dear double d'd Addams."

Jane and her brother were once taken to see an old eagle that lived in the Wisconsin State Capitol that was called "Old Abe" for Abraham Lincoln. This bird had been taken by one of the Wisconsin Regiments to the war, and though it went through several severe battles it came out unhurt. Jane went to school at a seminary in Rockford, Illinois. She worked hard and did good work. After finishing her school work she had the wonderful opportunity of going to Europe several times, where she traveled about

visiting the things of most interest, and studying the things that appealed to her most.

In her travels she often saw sights that were most sad. In the slums of London she saw the very poor, and she studied their lives, their work, and their play, or lack of play. She found little children at work long hours who should have been at play. She also saw sights of this kind in this country as well as in Europe.

And so she decided that she had found her life's work. She was far away in Spain when this decision came to her, but nevertheless, she worked out her plans, and before a year had gone by she and a very good friend of hers, Miss Starr, had found a sort of old mansion in the midst of some of the very poor, old tumble-down tenements of Chicago, and they called the place Hull House. There were plenty of neglected, dirty, ragged children in the neighborhood. This old house was made clean and comfortable, in fact was made a very cozy place in which to live. It was not for themselves alone, but it was to be shared with these poor neighbors who had so little comfort in their own homes.

A kindergarten for young children whose mother's had to work and leave them every day, was opened and a splendid teacher came each day to help take care of this school. To this kindergarten also came an old, old woman, in fact she was ninety years old. She had to be left at home alone while her daughter went to work day after day. There was little she could do, so she began to pick the plaster from the walls. As a result, the old lady and her daughter were ordered by the landlord from one place, and then from another several times. So the dear young teacher suggested that she come to kindergarten and learn to keep busy the way little children do. Possibly the old woman was one of the happiest ones in the class, cutting out papers and making paper chains for decorations.

Then Miss Addams decided that they must have a day nursery. Many tiny children were left at home with an older child, locked in while the mother was away working. Sad accidents often happened to these little locked-in kiddies that resulted in broken arms or legs, and sometimes even broken backs, or even the house on fire. After the opening

of this day nursery, each morning brought a regular string of mothers with their little babies to leave at Hull House before they went to work.

A girls' class in sewing was also started. Girls were taught to sew, and were given opportunities to make various things for different members of the family. A boys' club was also organized, and the boys had the pleasure of doing things boys like to do, as working with tools and making things of various kinds.

And happy indeed were these young people when they were allowed to be in a play, a real drama. Various types of amusements were planned for the benefit of these people, and they were indeed happy to be able to have a place like Hull House where they could work, learn, play, and enjoy life.

At first Hull House was only one house, but later it grew and grew until it became one large house composed of many houses. A building not far away was erected for a girls' club called the "Jane Club." There was also a gymnasium for boys, and a "Children's House" for the day nursery. There were, too, various types of schools, such as art and music and several others, at which young people could learn to be teachers of various subjects. Some of the people who went there made things of various types to sell, including pottery of various kinds, basketry, blankets, rugs, etc. These sales, although they were small, helped to pay the expenses of running the establishment, or helped the individual who did the work.

Miss Addams also did notable things away from Hull House as well as there. She worked without ceasing to make better laws for the day laborers. She also tried to prevent young children from being allowed to work in factories. She had also to improve the conditions of the tenements where the poor have to live. This has been her life's work, and she has truly made a very great success of her life, for many of her friends who know her love to call affectionately the tender name of "Kind Heart."

Review

In what way was little Jane Addams afflicted?
What helped to comfort her in her affliction?

Why did Jane wear her old coat to Sunday School instead of her new one?

What effect did the telling of a falsehood have on Jane? What does this show?

What did Miss Addams see in London that helped her in deciding what her life's work should be?

What are some of the splendid things Miss Addams has done?

Singing: "Make the world brighter."

The House by the Side of the Road

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn

In the place of their self-content;

There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,

In a fellowless firmament;

There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths

Where highways never ran—

But let me live by the side of the road,

And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road

Where the race of men go by—

The men who are good and the men who are bad,

As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat

Or hurl the cynic's ban—

Let me live in a house by the side of the road

And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,

By the side of the highway of life,

The men who press with the ardor of hope,

The men who are faint with the strife,

But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,

Both parts of an infinite plan—

Let me live in a house by the side of the road

And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,

And mountains of wearisome height;

That road passes on through the long afternoon

And stretches away to the night.

And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
It's here the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

—Sam Walter Foss (1858-1911.)

LESSON 25

JOSEPH F. SMITH

1838—1918

In the fall of 1838, when the Mormon people were being driven from one place to another by lawless mobs, when little or no sympathy was extended to even the old, the young, or the women, Joseph Fielding Smith was born. His mother, whose maiden name was Mary Fielding, was the second wife of Hyrum Smith, the Prophet's brother. Hyrum Smith's first wife had died and left a family of five young children. These were then cared for by the second wife. Only eleven days before Joseph Fielding Smith was born, the city of Far West, where his family lived, was mobbed, his mother was driven out into the cold world with the five children for whom she was caring. His father and the Prophet Joseph Smith were taken prisoners and condemned to die. This was an unfair and very trying ordeal, but before the execution took place, justice came to these innocent men, and they were released.

The mobs were cruel and ruthless. When the baby Joseph F. was only a few day old, a group of men entered the humble cabin in which he and his mother were living, ransacked everything, turned things topsy turvy, and moved a mattress from one bed over on to the one where the child was lying. Before he was recovered, he was almost smothered. He was so far gone that he had turned almost black; but with great effort he was restored to normal breathing.

Mary Fielding Smith was a remarkable mother. How often it happens that remarkable people have remarkable mothers. Throughout all her life of trials and the hardships of pioneering, she was ever a bright and cheerful mother, always doing her share and a little more of any work on hand to do. While the little Joseph was yet very young she moved several times, as a great many of the Mormon

people had to do at that time. They lived in Nauvoo while Joseph F. was of school age, and it was there he went to school more than at any other place.

It was in June, 1844, that the Prophet and his brother Hyrum were martyred. At this time Joseph F. was only six years old. Although he was so very young, he remembered well his father, and also his wonderful uncle for whom he was named. An incident that he well remembered was one that happened just before these two Church leaders left to go to Carthage to give themselves up to the authorities there. Joseph and Hyrum were at Hyrum's home bidding farewell to the family. The Prophet said to his brother, "Hyrum, what makes Joseph so pale?" The father replied, "It is his nature, I presume." But even though he was pale, he was very well, and grew to be strong and active, and had considerable ability as an athlete.

The young Joseph also remembered the remarkable funeral of the two Mormon heroes, his father and his uncle. He well remembered the intense suffering of his mother and the family, and the grief of the whole community. Young as he was, he also remembered the intensity of feeling and keenness of interest experienced by the people of Nauvoo when President Brigham Young received the "mantle" of the Prophet. There were many who felt that Joseph Smith, the Prophet was the only man able to head the Church. With him gone it would fail! But we who look back upon the history of the Church since the Prophet's time, know that the right man is always raised up to guide the affairs of this people as the occasion arises, and as God wills—that the continuation of our Church does not depend upon any one individual, no matter what his position may be.

Joseph F. and his mother, with the older children of his father witnessed many a sad and sorrowful sight in the days when the Saints were moving to the great Salt Lake Valley. They had some severe times themselves, as did all the rest of the early pioneers. Being an extremely capable woman, Mrs. Smith managed her affairs remarkably well, so well in fact that she was able to provide herself and family with teams and some extra cattle and provisions for the long trip across the Plains. She obtained these things by trading some property she had for them. It was more than four

years after her husband's death, however, before they started their long pilgrimage.

A year before they left for this long, hard trip, when Joseph F. was about nine years old, he was caring for the family cattle some distance from his home when a lot of Indians came down and surrounded him. His great concern was about his animals. Suppose they were stolen by these Indians! If they were, the family would be without any means of getting to the far West. He knew he must act and act quickly! He knew that if he could get his cattle to stampede that would be about his only chance of saving them. He did this, and got them to going just as they should—in the homeward direction. The cattle were safe and saved, but Joseph F. himself was surrounded by these treacherous Red-men. These fierce savages crowded close up to him until there was nothing to do but for all to ride along together. Finally some of them took him from his pony and threw him to the ground. Then they all passed on. But just as he was thrown down, there appeared on an adjoining hill a number of white men. As soon as the Indians saw the whites they fled.

When less than ten years of age, Joseph F. took almost the whole responsibility of handling the cattle for his mother as they made the weary trip across the plains. Sometimes he drove a team. The captain of the company to which he and his mother and family were assigned did not want them to leave until next spring, because they hardly had sufficient equipment for the trip. He told Sister Smith that she and her family would be a burden to the company. But she told him with much emphasis that she would reach Salt Lake Valley before he would be able to arrive. Things happened at times on the journey that made her son Joseph F. think she had been wrong in predicting such a thing. But as things finally turned out she came into Salt Lake Valley, and arrived at the old fort at eleven o'clock Saturday night, September 23, 1848. Her captain, who had expected her to be the burden of the trip, did not enter until Sunday, September 24. So her prediction, made a considerable time previous, came true.

Joseph F. and the family moved to Mill Creek, where they took up some land and built a cabin. The energetic

mother, the head of the home, lived only four years after reaching the Valley. Now the family was left without either mother or father. But the family was kept together at the family home for some time after the mother's death, in fact, until Joseph F. went on his first mission in 1854.

Few of the members of our Church have had the remarkable experiences in missionary life that Brother Smith had. There was hardly a time after he first went to the Sandwich Islands on a mission when he was fifteen years of age, that he was not on a mission until the time of his death in 1918. Imagine being an active missionary for more than sixty years! That is President Smith's record, and a remarkable record it is. When he was not on a mission abroad he was on a mission at home.

While in the Sandwich Islands, since named the Hawaiian Islands, the islanders learned to love him dearly, and he was a life-long friend to them. Throughout his long and interesting life he was never too busy nor too weary to listen to his friends from Hawaii, no matter whether it was a plea for help, a story of sorrow and distress, or just the kindly greeting of some newly arrived friends. Sometimes in his later life when he could get away, he loved nothing better than to go again to the Islands; there lived there a dear old woman whom he called his Hawaiian mother, and who always treated him as tenderly and lovingly as his own mother would have done.

Returning home from his first mission to Hawaii, which lasted almost four years, the "Echo Canyon War" was at its height. He was home less than twenty-four hours before he reported for duty to Governor Brigham Young. Besides missionary experience President Smith had the varying experiences of a guardsman, a soldier, a farmer, assistant to the Church historian, President of Davis Stake, President of the European Mission, Counselor to President John Taylor, to President Wilford Woodruff, and to President Lorenzo Snow, and finally President of the Church. In addition to these positions, he held many and various offices in the City and the State. Indeed his eighty years were full to overflowing with duties and labors that were of great benefit, not only to him and his family, but to the City of Salt Lake, to

the State of Utah, and to the West, but particularly to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

President Smith was a stalwart pioneer type of man, he was among the last of the members of the Church who could remember the Prophet, who had made the remarkable journey during those early pioneer days across the Plains, who had beheld the Valley of the Great Salt Lake change from what appeared to be a barren waste to a beautiful modern city and many prosperous communities surrounded by fruitful, productive farms. Could all of the pioneers have had the privilege of seeing what he lived to see, they would have felt repaid for all the hardships they passed through.

President Joseph F. Smith performed heroic acts of service for his people, and his memory is cherished as one of the noble and valiant sons of God who did his work well and faithfully. —

Review

Where was Joseph F. Smith born?

What were the conditions in Far West at the time of his birth?

When Joseph was six years of age, what great sorrow came to the family?

What experience did young Joseph have with Indians?

When Joseph was fifteen years of age what was he called to do?

What great honor finally came to Brother Smith?

What lessons may we learn from the life of President Smith?

Singing: ("I'll serve the Lord while I am young.")

Four Things

Four things a man must learn to do

If he would make his record true:

To think without confusion clearly;

To love his fellow-men sincerely;

To act from honest motives purely;

To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Henry Van Dyke (1852).

LESSON 26

ELLEN H. RICHARDS

1842—1911

A Pioneer Woman

When we think of pioneers we usually think of the people who go out into a new land that has not been inhabited before by civilized folks. We think of the ones who clear the land, open up new roads, dig irrigation ditches, build homes, schools, and churches and prepare for those who will come later. One who does those things is indeed a pioneer, but there are various other new fields of activity for people to undertake.

In the midst of the inhabitants of New England in the middle of the last century Ellen H. Richards became a very noted pioneer. She was surrounded by the culture and refinement of New England but yet found new roads of endeavor to travel that have proved a great help to people ever since she did her great pioneer work.

Mrs. Richards' pioneering was done along the line of home improvement. It was done in those early days before people devoted much thought or study to the scientific solution of the numerous problems pertaining to the home and its management. She developed better methods of doing household tasks, she indicated how the home could be made more sanitary, more convenient, more comfortable, and more beautiful as a place in which to rear the family, she started important studies on the cost of the family living, and she got people to think more about the home and to study its problems in a serious and systematic way. As a result of her enthusiasm and earnest efforts for the betterment of the American home, the great work in Domestic Science or Home Economics was eventually started throughout the country. Today when these subjects are taught in high

schools and colleges all over the United States we may well call Ellen H. Richards not only a pioneer but the Mother of Home Economics.

In the year 1842 Elfen H. Swallow was born in Massachusetts. People generally were deeply religious at the time she was a child and her parents were very religious, too. She came from very fine English people. One of her ancestors was Ambrose Swallow who lived in Massachusetts in 1666. Other ancestors came from France and the family was very proud of them, too. One of the blessings Ellen therefore enjoyed was in coming from good stock and having a splendid background to make of herself a good and noble woman.

As a child she was not very strong. The family physician wisely ordered her to spend more time out in the open air, so she helped her father and her uncle out-of-doors with the farm work. She rode horses, drove cows to the pasture, and helped pitching hay. The one bit of farm work she was not allowed to do was to milk cows. Her mother forbade her doing this because she feared it would make Ellen's hands too large and ugly. This will seem amusing to many girls raised on a farm. In later years Mrs. Richards was sorry she had been deprived of the privilege of learning how to milk. Ellen's father was much interested in having her get a college education and scientific training, which, for a young woman in those days, was almost unknown. From her mother she learned to be a good cook and housekeeper and to be neat and careful about her clothing, her room, and all her belongings. She learned to sew when she was but a child and she even hemstitched sheets and pillow-cases for her doll's bed. She also embroidered a hand-kerchief that took the prize at the county fair.

When Ellen was sixteen the family moved from the farm to the town of Westford, Massachusetts. Her father purchased a country store and by that business he maintained the family for several years. Ellen became her father's constant companion and helper in the store. By helping in the store she was able to earn enough money to pay her way through school.

But no matter what she did or where she went "love of home" was the guiding light of her life. She knew home work and loved it, and in her later life was always able to do any household task better than any of the hired help she employed.

Ellen also loved reading and did a great deal of it. She was very fond of stories, but no matter what story she was reading she was always able to lay it aside to do the work she had on hand when the time came to work.

During part of her life she had only limited funds. She therefore knew what strict economy was, and yet she was always able to put the best side forward no matter how very poor she was. After her financial struggle through college she was not able to afford a new dress for graduation, but she was happy anyway and she felt she was able in this way to help setting a new standard for poor girls.

When she was 28 years old she attended a very splendid school that had never before admitted a woman student. Here, therefore, was a noteworthy bit of pioneering which she did. At the age of thirty-three Ellen married Professor R. H. Richards who was a man of most excellent traits. After her marriage she no longer had to cope with extreme poverty. Perhaps Mrs. Richards was far better fitted to handle money than she would have been had she not been extremely poor in her early life. At any rate, she thoroughly enjoyed doing some really worth-while things, especially in helping girls who were working their way through school.

An unheard-of thing Mrs. Richards did soon after her marriage, was to dress in short skirts and wear real heavy shoes when she went with her husband and a class of his engineering students on an extended field trip to Nova Scotia. This was pioneer work, too, for women of that day usually wore the smallest shoes they could put on, and wore skirts trailing around their feet and sometimes dragging on the ground.

For twenty-five years Mrs. Richards taught in the Woman's Laboratory of the Boston Institute of Tech-

nology. The first seven years she taught for nothing. Not only did she do that, but every year for many years she also gave \$1,000 to that institution.

She was extremely kind to all, especially to those with whom she worked. When she found she must have a woman stay in her home all the time, the one she engaged stayed there for twenty-six years. When this helper's mother was left alone except for this one daughter, Mrs. Richards had her brought to her home where she gave her the room which her own mother had occupied until her death.

One of the great things Mrs. Richards did was to champion the cause of Manual Training in the schools. She also worked hard to get Domestic Science introduced into the schools so the girls could get that splendid training. She helped to organize the Home Economics started. These things were all very important and proved to be great pieces of work and real pioneer work at that.

Mrs. Richards will therefore always be looked upon as a wonderful pioneer in the field of Home Economics, for which she spent so much of her time and of her money. A noble, capable, splendid woman was Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, who by her efforts became a great leader of thought and became the mother of Home Economics in the United States.

Review

In what line of work was Mrs. Richards a pioneer?
What lessons did she learn from her mother?

What evidence have we that Ellen did her work well?

What did Ellen do to build up her health?

What was her great aim in life?

What did Mrs. Richards do for the schools of this country?

What can boys and girls do to make home life happy?

Singing: "Love at home."

The Brave at Home

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,—
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,—
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly, in her dreams, to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she presses;
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

T. B. Read.

LESSON 27

JOHN PAUL JONES

1747—1792

The Father of the American Navy

Strange things do happen in the lives of us all! They happened also to a little Scotch boy who was born July 6th, 1747. One of these strange things was that he was John Paul, son of another John Paul without any Jones to it at all until he was grown. How he ever added the Jones is a mystery; but with it or without it, he became one of the bravest heroes of his adopted country—America.

At the age of twelve he was appointed to a seaman who traded with the colonies of America. Immediately John Paul was taken onto a ship that left for the new land. This ship was bound for Virginia, where his older brother William lived, who was married and settled on a small plantation. John Paul visited his brother several times while he was in Virginia, and he really liked the new country a very great deal.

Even as a very young boy John Paul had been interested in the large ships that came to the part of Scotland where he lived. In time he learned to handle small sailing boats. He early began to earn his living by fishing, but he was so expert for his age in handling the sails of the boat, that his father thought best to make him a seaman. So he was turned over to the trader who traveled back and forth to the colonies.

For several years John Paul was a sailor and crossed the ocean many times, and he became very expert in handling a ship. He seemed to have remarkable ability along this line. On one of the voyages when he was not yet twenty years old, a terrible fever broke out among the ship's crew. The sailors themselves were not

the only ones affected, for the Captain and the mate became sick and died. No one was then left on board that knew anything of navigation except this young man. He took command and returned the ship to port in such splendid shape that the owners were delighted and made him a captain, which was very rare for one so young.

When John Paul was about twenty-five or twenty-six years old, his brother in Virginia died, and left him his plantation. For two or three years he then became a farmer and gave up his life as a seaman. During his stay in Virginia he had a very dear friend by the name of Willie Jones. It was about this time that he added the Jones to his name but the reason for doing so is not clear.

In 1775 when the War of Independence broke out John Paul was one of the first to offer his services to his adopted country. He was appointed first lieutenant on the "Alfred," which was the flag-ship of Commodore Hopkins. During this time he had the honor of being the first to hoist an American flag on a naval vessel belonging to America, and this is no doubt one of the reasons why he is also known as the Father of the American Navy, although his later experience as a naval fighter may have been another reason for giving him that title.

This period saw the beginning of many years of fine naval service which John Paul gave to his country. Such a new country could hardly be expected to have very much of a navy, but Congress did what it could to create one. The men-of-war of those days were entirely different from the men-of-war of today. But they performed the same kind of duty—to do as much damage to the enemy property as possible.

Great Britain had a splendid navy, for she was even then mistress-of-the-seas. However, Paul Jones played a valiant part in giving that navy a great surprise, and in administering humiliating defeats in some of the naval engagements.

No matter what situation Paul Jones was placed in he never once thought of surrender. He would either

conquer or give his life but never turn his ship, his men, his guns, and himself over to the enemy.

On one of his raids to the coast of England, he went back to his own home country, and right to his own home town. He planned a raid that would mean the destruction of several large ships, wharves, etc. By some miscarriage of plans the scheme failed, but his men did make a raid on the mansion of the Earl of Selkirk, for whom John Paul's father had worked as gardener. The earl was away, but Jones allowed the men to take the silverware. For this act John Paul was branded as a "pirate" by the people of his old home town. This silverware was sold and the money given to the men; it was John Paul who bought it. It cost him \$5,000 but even so, he sent it back to the earl with his compliments.

Big naval battles he fought and always won. The ships that were turned over to him to manage were rather poor wornout crafts. Yet several very remarkable battles he won and countless "prizes" in the form of captured merchantmen or war vessels he brought to port after an encounter. Many times he had to wait for Congress to act, or for a ship equal to the work ahead. Much time was lost in such waiting.

One ship he used as a war vessel was called the "Ranger." With this ship he started after a British man-of-war, the "Drake." The captain of the "Drake" was not aware that an enemy was near, he saw the ship meandering about his vessel and finally sent to ask what was wanted. The two warships were not far from Belfast, Ireland; word that a sea fight was about to take place soon brought several excursion boats loaded with people to witness the encounter. Of course they had no idea that the Yankee man-of-war had any possible chance against the mighty "Drake." The encounter took place just before sunset. For a full hour the two fought desperately. The "Drake" lost its Captain and also the first lieutenant. The whole ship was in a sad plight. What men were left cried for quarter just as the sun was setting. Although the "Ranger" was really not a match for the "Drake"

Paul Jones was a match for any fighting man afloat! Victory was his. The word of the victory thrilled not only America but France, while England was startled by it.

Because of Paul Jones' great admiration for Benjamin Franklin, and because of his sympathy with the sayings of "Poor Richard," he named the next ship under his command the French name "Bonhomme Richard" which means "Poor Richard." It was on this craft that he won his greatest fame. Though he had done enough to warrant his being given a big fine new man-of-war, he received this old, practically wornout tradership that had made numerous trips to the East Indies. Besides this ship he had four others to help him out. However, the one called the "Alliance" that should have given him real assistance, deserted under the lead of Captain Landais. Then a most amazing thing happened. When John Paul Jones was in the thick of the battle with the "Serapis," the "Alliance" appeared and turned her guns upon the "Bonhomme Richard," which she should have aided instead of fought. This was a great mystery until it was discovered that Captain Landais had gone insane.

The encounter between the "Bonhomme Richard" and the "Serapis" was terrible; each captain considered it the hardest battle that had ever been fought upon the sea. When Captain Pearson called to ask if the "Richard" had surrendered, the thundering answer came back, "No, I have not yet begun to fight." Both ships were very badly damaged. There were about two or three hundred prisoners on the "Richard." These were turned out of their rooms of confinement. They were put immediately to pumping water as the ship was filling fast. At last the "Serapis" surrendered, not knowing the sad plight the "Richard" was in. This was indeed a glorious victory for the colonists and especially for John Paul Jones. It brought him great renown throughout all the land of America.

Because of his skill and courage as a fighting seaman, John Paul Jones has been called "The Father of the American Navy." He is still considered one of the

foremost naval leaders of the United States. This great hero died in Paris in 1792. For many years the record of his burial place was lost, but after a diligent search the spot was located; his body had been embalmed and so was able to be moved. In 1904 it was buried in the grounds of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

Review

As a boy, what was Paul Jones interested in?
What were John Paul's first impression of America?
For what splendid piece of work was John Paul made captain of a vessel?

How did John Paul come to settle in Virginia?
For what will John Paul Jones be always remembered?
What battles have boys and girls to fight?
Singing: "Let us all press on."

Battle Cry

More than half beaten, but fearless,
Facing the storm and the night;
Breathless and reeling, but tearless,
Here in the lull of the fight,
I who bow not but before Thee,
God of the fighting Clan,
Lifting my fists I implore Thee,
Give me the heart of a Man!

What though I live with the winners,
Or perish with those who fall?
Only the cowards are sinners,
Fighting the fight is all.
Strong is my Foe—he advances!
Snapped is my blade, O Lord!
See the proud banners and lances!
O spare me this stub of a sword!

Give me no pity, nor spare me;
Calm not the wrath of my Foe.
See where he beckons to dare me!
Bleeding, half-beaten—I go.
Not for the glory of winning.
Not for the fear of the night;
Shunning the battle is sinning—
O spare me the heart to fight!

Red is the mist about me;
Deep is the wound in my side;
"Coward" thou criest to flout me?
O terrible Foe, thou hast lied!
Here with my battle before me,
God of the fighting Clan,
Grant that the woman who bore me
Suffered to suckle a man!
John G. Neihardt (1881).

LESSON 28

ATHLETES

Of all the athletes about whom you have heard or read or of whom you have seen motion pictures, which one is your favorite? Why? What are the qualities that make athletes popular? Is it the way they look, or the things they say, or their attitude toward others, or their athletic ability to do remarkable things?

No doubt most of us will agree that it is their ability to run, to jump, to box, to swim, to wrestle, to play baseball, football, tennis, or other games better than others that starts athletes on the road to popularity. They have won distinction by doing a certain thing well. And what a fine thing it is to be able to do that!

But after an athlete has become distinguished he does not always remain popular, or well-liked by his associates. If he is not well-liked it is usually because of his attitude toward others or his conceit about himself. Oftentimes an athlete who is cheered by those in the grandstand and written up at great length and has his picture in the papers gets the "big-head" so badly that his friends say he has been spoiled. And then he may rapidly lose his popularity and be jeered instead of cheered when he appears on the field to compete in athletic contests with his fellows.

So the qualities which an athlete must possess if he is to belong to the highest type of athletes and continue to be admired and respected and popular are similar in many respects to those which heroes and heroines have. He must have courage and not become discouraged; he must be honest and fair and square in all his contests; he must have endurance and strength; he must have great self-control; he must be able to take defeat cheerfully

and with a cordial spirit of good fellowship toward the winner; in short, his conduct must be that which shows the right ideals of sportsmanship.

To the baseball enthusiasts all over the world in 1924 Walter Johnson, one of the greatest baseball pitchers of all time, was a noted hero and he was greatly respected and dearly loved. He was the outstanding pitcher on the Washington team. For eighteen years he had pitched on that team, and his team had never won the pennant. But Walter was not discouraged. Finally in 1924 the Washington team won the pennant in the American League and then played the New York Giants, winners of the National League, for the baseball championship of the world. Walter's hour of triumph had finally come. He was to pitch at last, after eighteen years of waiting, in a World's Series game. The eyes of the whole baseball world were upon him, and his name was on every lip. He pitched the first game, and lost. He pitched another game and lost again.

Did the baseball fans turn against him because he lost? Not at all. Because of his pleasing personality, his high ideals, his true manliness, his sweet humility, and his honest sincerity, he was loved more than ever, and the whole country sympathized with him deeply. He was truly a hero even in defeat!

But in that remarkable Series, seven games had to be played to determine the winning team, because new York and Washington had each won three games. The writer of this lesson had the good fortune to be present at the last game, one of the most evenly-matched, exciting, and remarkable contests in all the history of baseball. Twelve innings had to be played. When the score was even in the ninth inning, Walter Johnson, was again given an opportunity to pitch. Here was his great chance to help win the baseball championship of the world. Would he fail again?

You should have seen him as he walked out to the pitcher's box. He realized he was facing the great crucial test of his life and that millions of his admirers were hoping he would win. With never a faltering step,

and with the cheers of 35,000 people ringing in his ears, he stepped boldly, courageously and confidently to his task. In that hour he showed the qualities of a true hero, for he exercised wonderful self control, and pitched superb ball. After four more innings the game was won, and Walter had pitched his team to victory. After eighteen years of patient effort he had won the great triumph of his life, and the baseball world rejoiced in his achievement.

Then you should have seen him drive out of the grounds after the game in his new Lincoln Sedan which the baseball "fans" of Washington had given him. With him were his mother, his wife, and his children, all exceedingly proud of him. And his admirers crowded about the car by the thousands, and gave him cheer upon cheer.

Walter Johnson was a farmer's boy in Kansas who later went West, and it was while pitching for the ball team in one of the towns of Idaho that his pitching ability was recognized by an expert, and he was offered a position on the Washington team. During all those years he has been a famous pitcher, but it was no doubt his heroic qualities of genuine manliness that made him so much admired.

To illustrate the high standard of fair play which some athletes have, it is related that at one of the international tennis matches between an American and an Englishman, the American's foot slipped as he was about to hit the ball, and he lost that point. The Englishman saw this, and in order not to take any unfair advantage he later caused his own foot to slip in much the same way. That illustrated a fine type of sportsmanship.

In the exciting contest between athletic teams of schools and colleges how often does one see or hear abundant evidences of poor, miserable sportsmanship on the part of both the teams and the rooters? Instead of being courteous and cordial to the opposing team, and instead of wanting to see a contest well-played by both sides, and may the best team win, there is too often manifest the regrettable desire to win at any cost. Opposing

players are called "yellow," the referee or umpire is "bawled out," and unfair tactics of many kinds are resorted to. O, what a woeful lack of the qualities of true heroism is then exhibited!

By reason of the revelation on the "Word of Wisdom," and the great consideration given the body and its cleanliness and care in the teachings of our Church, the Latter-Day Saints have set very high standards in respect to things pertaining to the physical, as well as the spiritual and mental. The Prophet Joseph Smith was an athlete of remarkable ability in his day.

We are strong believers in, and advocates of, good, strong, sound, well-developed bodies. And what a pleasing thing it is to see boys and girls take an active interest in keeping well and strong and in developing their bodies into efficient machines of service. Such boys and girls walk erect, with shoulders back, heads up, and with a glowing consciousness of sweet, normal self-respect. They realize that it is within their power to develop heroic qualities of noble men and women even though they might not become distinguished athletes.

It is, however, a frequent experience of coaches and athletic directors to see boys develop into very outstanding athletes who in the beginning gave no promise at all along that particular line. The old adage surely holds good here: "Practice makes perfect." With that idea in mind it is a good thing to strive and strive hard to be able to do some one thing better than anybody else. To do so will require continual effort and demand an abundance of heroism, but the results are well worth the struggle.

Review

In order to succeed, what must an athlete do?

How may a successful athlete lose his popularity?

What qualities must a high type of athlete possess?

For what was Walter Johnson admired?

How did the Washington team show its appreciation of Walter Johnson?

In what way did the English tennis player exhibit a fine type of sportsmanship?

How should an opposing team be treated?

In order to develop good, strong, healthy bodies, what should boys and girls do?

What do you know concerning the Word of Wisdom?

Solitude

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;

Weep, and you weep alone,

For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,

But has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;

Sigh, it is lost on the air,

The echoes bound to a joyful sound,

But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;

Grieve, and they turn and go.

They want full measure of all your pleasure,

But they do not need your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;

Be sad, and you lose them all,—

There are none to decline your nectared wine,

But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;

Fast, and the world goes by.

Succeed and give, and it helps you live,

But no man can help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure

For a long and lordly train,

But one by one we must all file on

Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox (1855-)

LESSON 29

EMMELINE B. WELLS

1828—1921

There have been many good, noble, and splendid women in the Mormon Church who have done really remarkable work, and our people can well be proud of all of them. One of these women was Emmeline B. Wells. She was indeed a worthy daughter of noble ancestors. Her forefathers for centuries figured prominently in the history of both England and America.

“Aunt Em,” as she was known among her friends both young and old, was born in Petersham, Massachusetts, on February 29, 1828, which was a leapyear. Being born on that date, her birthday came only every four years; even though she lived to be 93 years old, she therefore had only 23 real birthdays. Her friends, however, nearly always celebrated it on February 28th when it was not a leap-year.

When only a tiny tot of four years of age. Emmeline’s father was accidentally killed in a runaway. Though she had no father, “Emmie,” as she was called as a child, was given advantages of a very good education for that time. Her inclinations ran to literary work. Always as a child she wrote a great deal of both prose and poetry, and in fact kept it up as she lived. She began to teach school at the age of fifteen.

Some time before this she was away from home, living with a married sister. During that time her mother heard some Elders preach the Gospel and she and the younger children joined the Church. But Emmie and her sister were not converted until the following year, 1842.

The day she was baptized was bitterly cold, so cold that the ice had to be broken in the creek for the ceremony to be performed. There were several others who were baptized the same day. Emmie was the last. Many of the most

prominent people of the town were so much upset over the affair that they came down to see if it might not be stopped. But since those who were being baptized were doing it of their own free will nothing could be done about it. Emmie became a Mormon, and a true and faithful one until the end of her days.

It must have been a very trying life the next year when her friends, teachers, and classmates tried to get her to give up the faith she had adopted and worship as they worshiped. But this she would not do.

At a very early age Emmie was married to a young man she had not known very long. His name was James Harvey Harris, and he and his folks were members of the Church. During the winter after her marriage, Emmie with her husband and his father and mother went to Nauvoo. Here she had one of the rarest opportunities of her life—she met the Prophet Joseph Smith! She not only met him and felt the thrill of his wonderful handshakes and the magnetism of his personality, but she had the exceptional privilege of hearing him deliver his last sermon before he was martyred. Both she and her husband, who was a guard of the Nauvoo Legion, were present at the meeting in which the audience beheld “the mantle” of the Prophet Joseph Smith fall upon Brigham Young.

Not long after the martyrdom of the Prophet, the father and mother of Mr. Harris left the Church and moved from Nauvoo. They tried to get the young couple to go with them, but these stayed true to the faith.

A tiny baby boy was born to bless these parents, but he lived only a few weeks and died after being stricken with fever. About a month after the death of the little one Mr. Harris went on a trip to St. Louis. Though he had always been tender, loving, and considerate toward his wife he never returned to her. She had a few letters from him suggesting that they go to his parents, but she could not be induced to give up her faith, and so they separated. He and his parents had apostatized, and this she would not do.

Another great sorrow was hers. Her mother was not well at the time the Saints were expelled from Nauvoo. She tried to journey to the West with the others of

her people, but contracted ague from being exposed to bad weather, and died on the Plains. This left her young children orphans, and they were in sore need of help by the time they reached Winter Quarters.

Later "Emmie" married Daniel H. Wells, and it was by that name that she became so well and favorably known as she helped with the great work the women did in the early history of Utah. While she rendered most effective aid in several of the organizations of the Church —the Relief Society, Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association, and the Primary, it was in connection with the work of the Relief Society that she made her greatest contribution. And a notable work she did. Likewise in the women's work of the State and of the Nation she was one of the foremost leaders. Not only did she work at home throughout the Church in the West, but she was also active in other parts of the United States and even of the world. She traveled a great deal. Because of her prominence in women's work she was often in company with such great national characters as Susan B. Anthony and Frances Willard. In 1891 she attended the first session of the National Council of Women, an organization which has since developed into a powerful agency of service.

All great women's movements were fostered by Aunt Em! She was more than 70 years old before she left her native land. In 1899 she made her first trip to Europe. It was a very interesting experience for her to visit the countries that she had known so much about from her extensive reading. While attending the convention of the International Council of Women in Europe, she was appointed to serve on a committee with two other women to foster the work of the women of Cuba, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines.

At home, for many years Sister Wells edited the "Woman's Exponent," a magazine devoted to the work of the Relief Society. Almost all the writings for this magazine was done by her, and she proved herself to be a gifted writer of both poems and prose. Women throughout the Church who read the "Exponent" learned

to love her for her work. Almost every event of her life worth remembering was memorized by some little verse or poem.

For many years, even after she had ceased to be as active as she was in earlier days, "Aunt Em" was a very familiar object at various meetings and social gatherings. Although she was small and frail she nevertheless occupied a commanding position as a leader among the women of her generation. Even to the last of her ninety-one years she was often sought out by prominent and nationally-known visitors to Salt Lake who would find her ready to talk interestingly upon most any subject they chose to discuss with her.

"Aunt Em," one of the last survivors of those who remembered the Prophet Joseph Smith, one of the foremost women of our Church, as a leader, writer, and worker for the cause of women, was indeed a worthy heroine of her time!

Review

What great loss did Emmeline sustain when she was 4 years of age?

When a little girl, how did Emmeline spend much of her time?

How did Emmeline exhibit true courage at the time of her baptism?

What great privilege did Emmeline enjoy at Nauvoo?

What notable service did Sister Wells render the Church?

(Singing: "Our mountain home so dear," by Emmeline B. Wells.)

"It is More Blessed"

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;

Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,

Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever-glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing;
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
 Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the Summer shower's pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
 Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary,
Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary;
Though from its pulses a faint miserere
 Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate,
Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion;
Smile at the song of its restless emotion;
'Tis the hymn of eternity's ocean;
 Hear! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
 Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
 Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

LESSON 30

JOHN BURROUGHS

1837—1921

Once upon a time, so the story goes, there was a monk who was translating the Bible; he sat in the sunshine of spring listening as well as working, he heard the notes of a strange bird. Leaving his work to look for the new songster, he walked on a little, then a little farther, and still farther. After a happy hour of wandering about following his new-found friend the monk returned to continue his work. On his return all was changed: His work was not where he had left it, the other monks about were strange, and he found he had been gone 100 years following the music of a strange lovely bird in a magic wood.

Just so, John Burroughs for over 70 years wandered about among the wonderful objects in nature, studied the birds and the animals, the trees and the flowers, and came to know and love them. He was truly a nature lover all his life from the time he was a real young lad. He was often called John the Seer because he was such a close observer that he could see the first time what other people would not notice even after looking a hundred times.

John went to the district school of Roxbury, New York, both summers and winters until he was ten years old. By then he was old enough and large enough to help with the farm work during the summers, so from that time on he went to school only during the winters.

Oftentimes there is in a family an odd child, one who does not fit into the family life very well. This was true of John Burroughs. It was a source of great worry to his parents that he was interested in things that were of no profit to the family. He wanted some money to buy an algebra. Algebra. What was algebra? When his father

and brothers knew nothing of algebra why should he study it?

John knew nature very well even in those early days. He knew the time the maple-tree sap started to run, and he knew that the farmers always tapped the trees about two weeks late. So he tapped the trees early and sold his maple sirup and sugar readily on the early market. This gave him money to buy his algebra and the other books he wanted so badly.

At the age of fifteen he was promised that he might go to the academy in a neighboring town. This was of course a wonderful opportunity for him, but when the time finally came to go he was not permitted to do so. This was a great disappointment to him and he sensed the lost opportunity very keenly. But he took it in a manly spirit and worked hard that he might make up for what he missed at the academy.

When only sixteen he began to teach school. For his salary he received eleven dollars a month, and his board and room were obtained free by boarding around with the families who had children in school. That is very different from what we do in these days, but many things were very different then from what we do in these days. Young John was able to save nearly all his money. So the next year he went, during the winter term, to the Hedding Literary Institute; with the \$50 he had saved he was able to pay for this schooling.

One of the most interesting pictures of John Burroughs' young manhood was when he returned from a trip to New York City where he had failed to get a position to teach school. He was greatly disappointed. He came home with "empty pockets, empty stomach, but a bag full of books" that he had hungrily picked up at the second-hand stores.

At one time young John taught a little school not far from our great military academy—West Point. He had access to the very splendid library there. Here he ran across a book that contained information about the birds of the world. This was a wonderful thing for him, for he was such a lover of birds!

Speaking of them he once said: "What joy the birds have brought me! How they have given me wings to escape the tedious and deadly. Study the birds? No, I have played with them, camped with them, summered and wintered with them. My knowledge of them has come to me through the pores of my skin, through the air I have breathed, through the soles of my feet, through the twinkle of the leaves and the glint of the waters."

At one time he had a position in the Treasury Department at Washington. He spent ten years at the Nation's Capital. They were very remarkable years in his life. While he was there he began his writings on nature.

After leaving Washington John Burroughs became a bank examiner. This position required him to travel a good deal. He bought a place on the historic Hudson River where he built a two-story house of rough logs. This house he called "Slabsides." Here he and his wife received a great deal of company, among whom were some of the most distinguished people of the world.

This home of his was furnished with many rustic things made by himself. He tried his hand at making pieces of furniture or some ornament for the house from branches of the trees. He had been a very ingenious lad in his early days; practically all of his play things had been home-made; he made his fish lines of braided horse hair; he also made a little saw mill that the brook turned so that it cut up apples, cucumbers, turnips, and similar things.

Then in the days of his later manhood while he made whistles for his little grandson he would tell him stories of the good old days of his youth.

Although he traveled much he preferred staying home where he enjoyed his birds, his trees, his own home, and all that were so dear to him. Though he had seen some of the beauties of our wonderful land he liked best being in the part of the world he knew best. Said he, "Why should I rush hither and yon to see things when I can see constellations from my own door step?"

After his death and burial at his farm home, "Slabsides," his farm was bought by a number of his friends and admirers where a permanent memorial to his name has been established.

Review

Why was Mr. Burroughs often called "John the Seer?"
How did John Burroughs get his playthings?
How did he obtain money with which to buy books?
What study was young Burroughs especially interested in?

What did Mr. Burroughs do toward the furnishing of his home?

What may we learn from the saying of Mr. Burroughs: "Why should I rush hither and yon to see things when I can see constellations from my own door step?"

Singing: "Earth with her ten thousand flowers."

On a Contented Mind

When all is done and said,
In the end this shall you find:
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind;
And, clear from worldly cares.
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour;
And Death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay;
When as the mind, which is divine
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech,—
Through thinking, few, or none.

Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
Our kinsmen at the grave;
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have;
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
I can be well content
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

Thomas Vaux (1510-1556)

